

## SECOND HAND PIANOS

AT

**CANNEY'S MUSIC STORE,**  
**67 Congress Street.**

Call and Investigate.

**SPECIAL SALE OF SHEET MUSIC,**  
**10 Sheets for 25 Cents.**

## BUSINESS IS LIKE WAR

To fight competition successfully you must possess better equipment than your adversary.

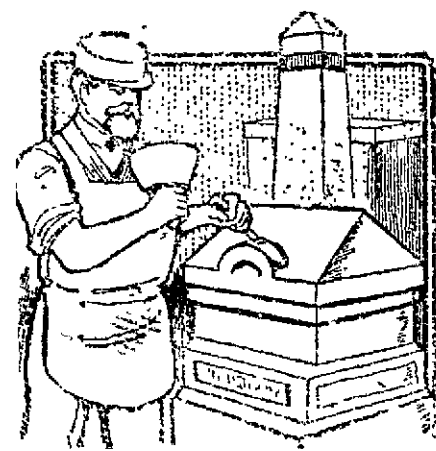
**IN THE BUTTER, EGG, TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS THAT MEANS  
BETTER GOODS AND LOWER PRICES.**

**A Few Reasons Why We Are Better Equipped Than Our Competitors:**

- We operate 16 stores in prominent cities and towns.
- We receive the greater part of our goods direct from the producer, thereby saving the middle man's profit.
- We make immense purchases.
- We pay cash and get all discounts.
- We do such a large business that we ask only a small profit.
- The retail purchaser gets the benefit of our big buying and selling.
- We sell nothing but the best. Our prices are the lowest.

**MES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,**  
**35 CONGRESS ST., PORTSMOUTH.**

**OTHER STORES:**  
Boston    Pittsburg    Everett    Gloucester    Westfield  
Leominster    Quincy    Clinton    Newburyport    Woburn  
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### THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.

We design and execute descriptions of monumental work in the best and most appropriate style, employing material which experience has shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality.

**Thomas G. Lester,**  
Shop and Yard  
No. 2 Water Street.

**RUBBER  
DOOR MATS**  
FULL SIZE, \$1.00 EACH.

**A. P. Wendell & Co.**  
**2 MARKET SQUARE.**

**BASKETS. LANTERNS.**  
**BARREL HEADERS.**  
**APPLE PARERS AND MEAT CHOPPERS.**  
**KEROSENE OIL.**

**Rider & Cotton,**  
**65 MARKET STREET.**

## STATES HIS POSITION.

**Mr. Gardiner Defines His Views  
On Local Issues.**

**Favors The Building Of More Electric  
Railway Lines.**

**Believes In A License Law, And Is  
Friendly To Organized Labor.**

In view of the fact that Mr. Seymour, the independent candidate for senator, and Mr. Page, the democratic candidate for senator have both recently set forth their positions on the three local issues of the campaign, a reporter of this paper called upon Mr. Gardiner Wednesday, and asked him to state his views on these three questions, namely, labor, license, and electric railroads. Mr. Gardiner re-

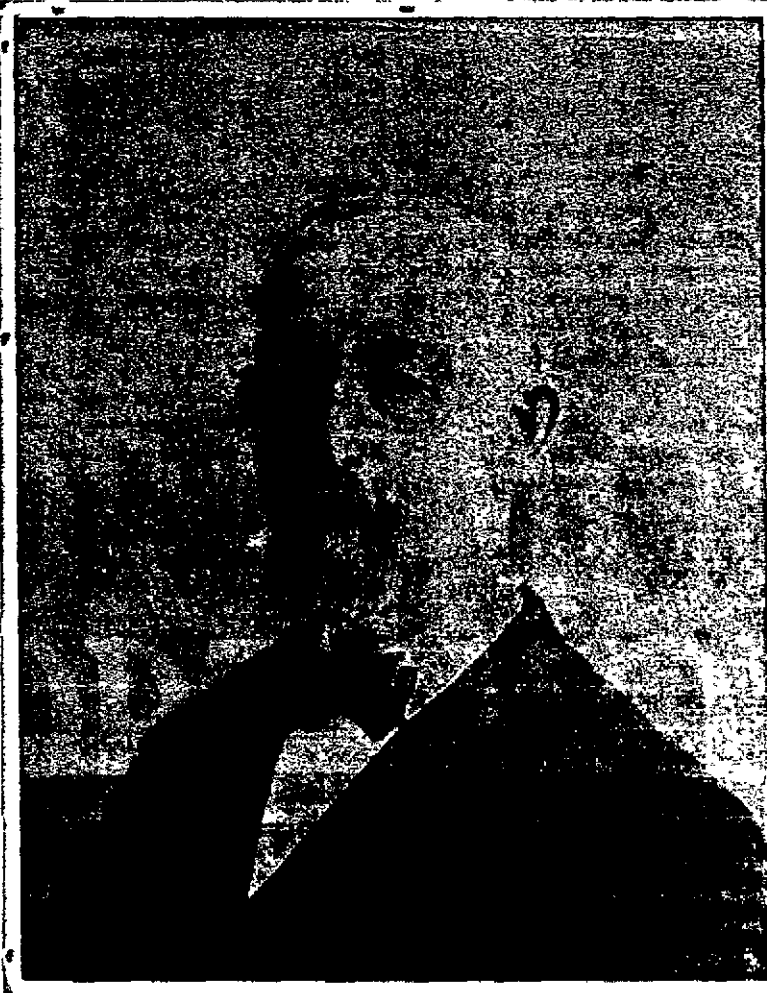
more. It has been set forth in various newspapers through their local correspondents, and it has been stated more or less in private conversation which has come to my knowledge, that I am a candidate put up through the influence of the Boston and Maine railroad, and it may possibly have been stated that this railroad is using its influence to elect me.

"All such talk and all such newspaper articles are in error. I am not, and never have been a candidate of this railroad. The Boston and Maine railroad has never furthered my candidacy for the nomination, or for the election, and I have not received, and do not expect to receive any assistance from this railroad, or any of its servants, or agents, and any statement to the contrary from this time on, is designed and circulated by persons politically opposed to me, and contriving to injure me in the election on Tuesday next."

### EXPERT OPINION.

**Representative of Shady Hill Nursery  
Company Inspects South Pond.**

A representative of the Shady Hill Nursery company of Boston was in



JOSEPH H. GARDINER.

ceived the Herald's representative in his usual courteous manner, and gave to the reporter the following:—"As to license, my position is this: I will, if elected, work for and vote for the repeal of the present prohibitory law, and I will do my utmost to have enacted by the next legislature, such a license law as the best interests of the people at large, and of my city and district require.

"To no candidate for offices in this state, be he republican, democrat, or independent, will I concede greater seriousness of purpose, or greater desire to accomplish in this matter what is best for us all.

"As to my position in regard to organized labor, it seems to me I need say but little. I am a fairly large employer of labor, and have been for many years. The laboring men who are now, and who have been in my employ all this time, are men to whom I refer you to ascertain my views.

"I was in the state legislature in 1883 representing Ward two with the late Hon. William H. Sise, and when the fifty-eight hour law came before that body at that session, on roll-call I voted for the passage of that bill. From that day down to this, I would prefer that the voters of this district determine my position by my actions, and I will have no fear of the result.

"As to electric railroads, I have heretofore said something to the voters of my ward as to my position. It would seem from suggestions of some parties, and from communications from others, that my statements in that matter were not sufficiently explicit.

"In order to emphasize my opinions, and dispel any doubts as to precisely where I stand, I say this:—I believe in the construction of electric railroads; I am for, and will further to the extent of my ability the construction of the electric road to New Castle, and the electric road to Newington and Dover. What more can I say? How can I be more plain or more direct?"

"Now permit me to say one word

this city on Thursday, looking over the South pond in the interest of the City Improvement society. A written report will be made at a later date, setting forth the work necessary to be done in making the pond and its surroundings pleasing to the eye and in the development of the vicinity into an enjoyable place of resort, such as it is hoped it will be in the future.

It was the gentleman's expression that Portsmouth has a water privilege which many cities would be glad to own and which they would lose no time in improving. It seems to be hoove our citizens to open their eyes to the fact that unless some action is taken, the pond will be past redemption before they realize it. The members of the Improvement society are of the opinion that a little less attention to political matters and a little more care for the city's welfare would be very beneficial to Portsmouth's best interests.

### NEWBURYPORT TEAM COMING.

Manager Hett of the Maplewood Athletic club football team has finally succeeded in inducing the crack Newburyport Athletic club eleven to visit this city and has announced Saturday, November 8, as the date of the game. The Newburyport team has suffered but one defeat in four years and this year has beaten Phillips Exeter and the Boston Y. M. C. A. The Maplewoods will oppose the visitors with a strong team and sport lovers may expect one of the best games ever played in this city.

### MARITIME NOTES.

Arrived, Oct. 30.—Schooner Anne L. Henderson, Capt. Hall, Stonington for Portsmouth navy yard with stone; schooner Sambeque, Capt. Campbell, Stonington for Boston, with stone; schooner William Thomas, Capt. Greenlaw, Calais for Boston, with lumber; schooner Abbie C. Stubbs, Capt. Chadwick, South Amboy for Portsmouth navy yard, with coal.

## RANDOM GOSSIP.

"Ef y're wantin' signs for cold weather and plenty of it, jest you come out in the woods with me any day an' I'll show you what Natur' hez ter say 'bout it, an' Natur' never told a lie in her life, bein' sorter peculiar in that air respect and consid' bly onlike some men I've seen an' see now afore me, without callin' no names." So said Uncle Josh, as he drove up and hitched his gray mare to a post by the North church.

"This very mornin', ez I were comin' down, I seen three striped squirrels with their winter overcoats on a tryin' ter gnaw er hole in the liver of an acorn. I watched 'em more'n an hour 'till they giv it up ez er bad job. When yer see an acorn husk that er chipmunk can't open look out fer a cold winter."

"Ever since I eat my first mess of green corn, I've noticed how thick the husks was, an' they was all whiskered out with silk, like they were trying to bank up the kernels afore they was ripe. The woodchucks are goin' ter sleep when the clover is still green about their holes, the fur onto the backs of the critters is like wool, the feathers pull hard from the wild ducks and the geesebone is white from tip to tip."

"That proves we're goin' ter have deep snow from November till May."

A large number of railroad men are now off on vacations. Conductors, brakemen and railway mail clerks have improved the opportunity to get away since the rush of summer travel elapsed and substitutes are doing their work.

"This rubbernecking is certainly a great habit with this generation of Yankee," observed a police officer. "Two men out of five (that's a conservative estimate) will turn around ten times in walking one block to look at women who attract their notice. And, do you know, it's a habit with a lot of men that they can't get rid of. I know some of the most respectable other way are model husbands, who are victims of this habit of 'rubbernecking.' If a woman attempted to flirt with them they would take to the woods, but they will turn around and secretly admire some woman they never saw before and never expect to see again."

Local bowlers will read with interest the following item from the Manchester Mirror of Thursday:

The Hon. Frederick W. Shontell in a bowling match, three men on a side, this afternoon, on the alleys of the Joliet club, made a top-notch record, and surpassed all of his previous efforts in this direction. He made a total of 655, his three strings being 188, 221 and 256. He started his third string with a missed spare and wound up with nine consecutive strikes.

It is expected that over 5000 people will witness the Dartmouth-Brown game in Manchester on Nov. 22. Among them will certainly be a large Portsmouth delegation. About every day additions are made to the list of those who intend to go on the special train.

This is the season of year when sportsmen tell some pretty good yarns which perhaps accounts for the following contribution:

A local sportsman claims to have found a curiosity among trout up in the North country. He caught a trout during the last days of the open season, which looked as if it would weigh three pounds. When landed the fish weighed only two pounds. He said he noticed a surprising fullness in the region of the stomach, while the slender parts were shrunken almost to the bone. On opening the stomach to find the cause for it he found there an entire boiled potato three inches long and two inches through. The fish was certainly starving to death.

Tonight is the night of nights when young ladies—for it is mostly this sex that practices the tricks of that ev—get together to try and find out who the future companion of their joys and sorrows is to be, and also to see what riches, if any, they are to enjoy, and the life they are to lead.

Gathered together in all parts of the city and suburbs will be young ladies and young men—the men will be admitted by the girls just to show them that they are not cared for—who will swap ghost stories and indulge in all the famous tricks made sacred to Halloween by long usage. All of the old means of telling the future will of

course be tried, biting apples hung from strings, apples placed in tubs of water, looking into mirrors, naming an apple and counting the seeds, and those thousand and one other things usually seen on that night.

Regarding that proposed special train to Manchester on Nov. 2, the Old York Courant and Transcript says: "This will be a great convenience to the York contingent, which will doubtless include at least a dozen ardent Dartmouth 'rooters.'"

I learn that "Shorty" Girard, who is well known here and who was for a time a spectacular attraction in the New England league, is to captain and manage the nine away down in St. John's, New Brunswick, next summer. The little fellow played there toward the close of the season just past and appears to have made a hit with the Provincial fans.

"Look out," says de fros—I's on my way;  
De sky is gwinter git col' an' gray;  
A turnin' pale when it hyuhs de noise  
Of de no' wind chariot I employs.  
Look out! I'se a-hungry, an' gwinter  
cat  
De leaves from de trees; deyy's good  
an' sweet,

I'll hit de chillun an' ol' folks, too,  
An' break through de do, whah de rent  
is due  
An' put out de fire while de po' folks  
quale.

An' den I'll laugh tell de cabin shake!  
I sholy trembles to hynch 'im say,  
"Look out foh me! I is on my way."  
—Washington Star.

The spectacle of a group of aldermen standing on the cold curb, kicking their heels, of a late October evening, and waiting for somebody to come along and let them into the city hall, is very novel, to say the least. I venture to say that such a lockout of city fathers has never before occurred anywhere. "I should like to know," said one heavy tax-payer this morning, "if city hall is owned by the people, their official representatives as a body, or whether some one man controls the keys altogether? If he does, what's to prevent him from selling the building to some promoter of a soap factory or a slaughter house?"

Those new headlights now being tried on several of the local trolley cars are dazzlingly bright, when you happen to get the beams from one full on the eye. They make the old ones look like tallow dips.

It strikes me that this has been a very listless campaign. Up and down the state it is the same—no enthusiasm, no excitement. Rallies are being held as a matter of course, but the day when voters were influenced by such things seems past. They read the newspapers and from them formulate most of their political opinions, regardless of stump speeches.

That man Cassidy, from Boston, evidently was very much in earnest when he set out to bid off about everything in the horse line that was put up for sale at Maplewood farm on Thursday. He was a stumbling block to many a local horseman who had his eye on some likely filly or mare. I have heard it intimated that he was really buying for Lawson, but I hardly believe it.

One of my friends who paid a visit to the Mechanics' fair in Boston on Thursday says that the principal magnet of the afternoon seemed to be Phinney's band, which was heard here was a general desertion of the various exhibits and a move toward the musicians.

The Old Farmer's Almanac was established in 1793 by Robert B. Thomas and hasn't missed a yearly issue since. The number of the issue for 1903 is 111. Quite an ancient publication, eh?

It's no wonder that strangers ask us if we're having a subway put in, when they stop and look at the numerous excavations being made in many of the downtown streets just now. On Vaughan, Congress and Bridge streets there are so many holes that it looks as if we were preparing to put our trolley cars under ground.

If you don't believe the four days' fair of the Portsmouth Athletic club next February will be on a big scale

just pump some member of the committee about the plans they propose to work out. If there's no hitch, it will most decidedly be a hummer and beat any previous thing of the kind ever held in old Portsmouth.

Coal is high enough now, everybody knows, but some of the older people of Portsmouth can easily recall the time when it was just about as costly. In February, 1874, hard coal was bringing eleven dollars a ton.

### KITTERY.

Kittery Me., Oct. 31.  
The freight business over the York Harbor and Beach railroad has been unusually heavy during the past week.

The P. K. and Y. street railway is storing some of the open cars in Charles Bragdon's big barn at York. The rolling stock of the road has outgrown its quarters in the two car barns of the company.

The ferryboat Kittery of the Portsmouth-Kittery ferry is receiving repairs to her boiler.

John Green is to move his family to Portsmouth and David Stimson will move into the house on Pearson street vacated by Mr. Green.

Painters are making repairs to the Sweet house on Pine street recently vacated by W. J. Kelly.

Miss Fannie Stimson, who has been passing the summer in Templeton, Mass., has returned home.

Mrs. Horace Mitchell of Kittery Point is visiting in New York city, where she is the guest of her aunt.

The "Lady Pepperrell" mansion at Kittery Point is undergoing some needed repairs to its exterior by a force of carpenters.

A branch of the Order of the Eastern Star is to be instituted here.

### SOUTH ELIOT.

South Eliot, Me., Oct. 31.  
Dr. J. K. P. Rogers of Knightsville, Me., arrived in town Wednesday for a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. F. N. Dixon and daughter Berenice went to Somerville, Mass., Wednesday, where they will be the guests of D. W. Sanborn, Mrs. Dixon's brother.

Miss Eola F. Spinnay is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Urch of New Castle.

Mrs. John Hutchings of Portsmouth was a recent visitor in town.

Several of our citizens took in the excursion to Boston Thursday.

Captain and Mrs. Albert Hurst passed Thursday in Boston.

Miss Ethel Urch has returned to her home in New Castle, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. W. E. Spinnay.

George Nelson, one of our oldest residents, is confined to his bed by illness.

William E. Cole is suffering from a lame foot, caused by stepping upon a nail while at his work for the White Mountain Paper company.

Ralph Staples of Portsmouth has been a recent visitor in town.

The sound of the cider mill is now heard in the land.

### HAD TO DECLINE.

Senator Gallinger has been invited to be present and to speak at the dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce on Nov. 11, but owing to a previous engagement to speak that same evening in New Hampshire, the senator has declined the New York invitation.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach and bowels.

## A TROLLEY RIDE

Over the new line FROM

**PORTSMOUTH TO**

**EXETER**

Would not be complete without

**MEALS AT**

**SQUAMSCOTT**

**H. S. Willey, HOUSE Proprietor**

**EXETER, N. H.**



**Ignorance**

Blows out the gas and furnishes the newspapers with a jest and an obituary notice. "Didn't know it was loaded" may be an honest plea, but it never brought a victim back to life. Those who let a cough run on, in ignorance of the danger, find no escape from the consequences when the cough develops into long trouble.

The best time to kill a snake is in the egg. The best time to cure a cough is when it starts. Ordinarily, a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough at the beginning. But even when the cough is deep-seated, the lungs bleed and the body is wasted by emaciation, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred effect a perfect and permanent cure.

"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go into consumption," writes Mrs. John Shirkman of No. 25th Place, Chicago, Ill. "He had just grown much weaker and looked for the bursting of a blood vessel or a hemorrhage at any moment. After three days coughing he was too weak to cross the room. The doctor did him no good. I stated the case to a druggist, who handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband's recovery was remarkable. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around, and in two more days he went to work. Two bottles cured him."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**WATERSON'S CRITICISM OF MEMBERS OF THE "SMART SET."**

The Lord Knows They Are Bad Enough, but Economic Conditions Are to Blame—We Are All Made of Much the Same Kind of Clay.

[Special Correspondence.]

Mr. Henry Watterson has recently delivered himself of a severe criticism of the Four Hundred, which has attracted wide attention throughout the country. He says "the distinguishing trait of the smart set is its moral abandon" and accuses its members of many extremely naughty and reprehensible actions.

The doings of the smart set are a perennial theme for self-constituted moral censors to wax indignant over, and ever and anon a Watterson arises to furnish "good copy" for the newspapers by telling the world in extremely vigorous English something which is already well known about the Four Hundred and which no person of even ordinary discernment ought to wonder at—namely, that the moral standards of the smart set are not those of ordinary people.

"Morality is entirely a social quality and is largely a matter of economic position. I fancy the members of the so-called smart set are much like ordinary people in the clay of which they are constructed and conduct themselves exactly as most of their critics would not under similar circumstances. They are not justly censurable as individuals nor as a class. They have reached their position of economic superiority solely by reason of the existence of terribly unjust social arrangements. Society as a whole is responsible for their existence as an economic class, and society must take the blame for their moral lapses.

As a matter of fact most of this vigorous criticism of the doings of the Four Hundred is dictated more by envy than by indignant virtue. The ideal of nine-tenths of those who are not already wealthy is to be rich and have nothing to do in life but spend their money. It is toward the attainment of this ideal that all or nearly all the economic arrangements of society tend, the creation of an idle class, and, having attained the ideal and being possessed of the ordinary amount of animal spirits which cannot be worked off in ordinary ways, they must concoct and execute bizarre and unconventional schemes and doings to fill in the dreary blank that would otherwise exist in their lives. How many of their indignant critics would be an iota better than they are if placed in the same circumstances? Suppose indignant virtue to have attained the social ideal—plenty of money, with nothing to do but spend it—would it be any better than the smart set?

We prate about the "dignity of labor," but we use our utmost endeavors to escape the indignity of laboring. If we have any surplus left from our earnings, we endeavor to invest it in such a way as will enable us to grow rich suddenly so as to be relieved from the necessity of working any more. We want to mount up into the ranks of the idle class without much regard as to the means of doing so short of the acts which society classes as crimes, such as housebreaking or train robbing. That is the social ideal. It is the heaven of the poor to be able to live without work, to have nothing to do but spend one's money.

We endeavor to inculcate in the minds of the masses respect for the so-called virtues of economy, abstemiousness, etc. These are denominated moral qualities which should be possessed by all members of society. They are taught as elements of an absolute moral code for the government of society.

But let a workman make his pile by a lucky stroke in mining, land or stock speculation, and the economy and abstemiousness which were formerly regarded as virtues in him at once become extremely reprehensible traits of character. John Smith dresses cheaply, but neatly, and avoids excesses in eating and drinking and thus becomes a moral signboard for the guidance of his fellows. Russell Sage dresses in a ten dollar suit and eats an apple for luncheon and thus earns the execration of society and obtains a reputation as a niggardly old miser. Why the difference? John Smith is a workman, with an income of \$10 a week. Russell Sage is a millionaire, with an income of \$10 a minute. Society judges the two individuals by different moral standards. It is John Smith's duty to save; it is Russell Sage's duty to spend. And how can Russell Sage perform his social duty if he affects the moral virtues of John Smith?

It is quite an interesting psychological study, these different moral points of view from which society regards an identical act of different individuals, but there is space here merely to call attention to it. An understanding of these different points of view, however, will remove the veil from many of the vexing social problems that confront us and point the way to the attainment of a healthy, sane and truly moral social system.

The members of the smart set are really much to be pitied. They have to proper, healthy sane and holy enjoyment of life. But of course they don't know this, being simply ordinary clay like the rest of us. They imagine they are a superior set of people because they have accomplished the universal social idea and have nothing to do but spend their money. Why should they be governed by the precepts of bourgeois morality? Society itself has taught them differently from that. Every time that society winks at or approves of the millionaire drunkard being carefully taken home in a hack while the ordinary drunk is taken to

**MUSIC HALL.**

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

**Week of Oct. 27.**

**25th YEAR**

**Bennett-Moulton COMPANY.**

**REPERTOIRE:**

**EVENINGS.**

Friday.....The Pay Train  
Saturday.....The Wheel of Fortune

**MATINEES.**

Saturday.....Fogg's Ferry  
LEROY & LOVANO'S N. V. LIT COMEDY BROS. ACT.

**PRICES:**

Evenings.....10c, 20c and 30c  
Matinees.....10c and 20c

Stations: Music Hall Box Office, Friday morning, Oct. 27th.

**CHECKLIST NOTICE.**

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice, that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city, on the following dates, viz: October 3d, 7th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22d, 24th, 27th and 28th at the following hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the biennial election to be held November 4th, 1902.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, November 4th, 1902, from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty, to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of this board.

LORENZO T. BURNHAM, Chairman.  
HERBERT B. DOW, Clerk.

**COAL AND WOOD**

**C. E. WALKER & CO.,**

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Coal and Wood**

Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

**MEN AND WOMEN.**

Use the only hair cream that is not greasy, sticky, or clogs the pores. It is the only hair cream that is not greasy, sticky, or clogs the pores. It is the only hair cream that is not greasy, sticky, or clogs the pores.

**SOCIAL MORALITY.**

the police station in the Black Maria it exposes its real ethical standard and gives countenance and support to exactly such actions as Watterson and other critics condemn in the smart set of Newport. The real ethical principle which governs society is "all you need is the price." The smart set is but the reflex of an almost universal social condition. The Wattersons make rather cheap notoriety for themselves by periodically pouring forth the vials of their wrath on the sinners of the Four Hundred, but when it comes to condemning the economic conditions which make the Four Hundred possible they are most industriously silent.

Short of progressively raising the standard of life and maintaining its economic position by raising the wage rate of the working class, I can conceive of no more important duty for the trade union than to inculcate proper ethical standards in the minds of its members, for it is by means of an entire change in the ethical point of view that the emancipation of labor will finally be accomplished. Most workmen are embryo capitalists, embryo members of the smart set. All they lack is the opportunity. Whenever they are ready to repudiate the economic and so the moral principles which animate present day society their emancipation is assured, for they are in the majority and can have any system they really want. Capitalism flourishes because the workers would be capitalists if they could and are filled with the morality of capitalism.

W. P. BORLAND.

Vallejo, Cal.

**THE PUBLIC'S INTEREST.**

**How It May Be Protected From Greedy and Stagnant Employers.**

Senator Mason of Illinois has announced his intention of introducing a bill into congress to protect the interests of the public in labor conflicts like the coal strike. The bill is to empower the government in such cases to authorize the attorney general to appoint a receiver for the property and continue the business until laborers and owners can come to terms by arbitration or otherwise.

Simultaneously with this comes a pamphlet from a prominent member of the Suffolk (Mass.) bar arguing from a common law basis that when property owners so use their property as to create a public interest in its administration the public has a constitutional right to participate in the management under certain conditions. In support of this he cites the opinion of Chief Justice Waite:

"Property becomes clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large. When therefore one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he in effect grants to the public an interest in that use and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good to the extent of the interest he has thus created."

All this shows the tendency public opinion is taking and is sure to take if corporations insist upon acting in defiance of the public interest upon the theory that "God in his infinite wisdom" has put the whole matter into their hands. The altogether more prevalent notion and the one that is sure to assert itself with increasing effectiveness is that "God in his infinite wisdom" has given control of this matter to the people, and they will proceed to exercise it through various forms of caustic legislation. —Guntton's Magazine.

**Do You Hear the Colonel?**

In his report to the president on the subject of a distinct anthracite labor union Carroll D. Wright said:

"Some of the operators do not hesitate to say—and it is believed that this statement is favorably regarded by some of the union officers—that no great progress will be made toward a more peaceful condition in the mining regions until the anthracite miners have a union of their own, its autonomy individualized and not complicated with that of the bituminous coal miners. This suggestion is made when discussing the question of discipline, the operators claiming that they had no trouble in the anthracite regions until the union of the bituminous coal miners undertook to organize the anthracite coal miners and that if the anthracite coal miners had a union of their own, which might possibly be affiliated with the bituminous coal miners, they (the operators) would be in a better position and in better temper to meet their employees through the organization than now, when they are obliged to deal with what they term strangers and outsiders."

**Cupid Asks For Cards.**

Matrimony among the lady clerks of St. Paul is hereafter to be conducted on union lines. The young women of the clerks' union, according to the dispatches, have organized a league which has as its purpose the rejection of the attentions of men who are not members of their respective trades unions. The platform of the league states that "a union built for two should be loyally affiliated with a union standing for decent hours and proper compensation." Suitors for the hands of the lady clerks will be compelled to show their cards when they put in an application, and when a man's card is recognized at one house it will not be good anywhere else.

**Spoon or Chopstick?**

Without capital labor is unemployed. Without labor capital is unproductive. By the union of capital and labor wealth is produced. Capital accumulates wealth rapidly. Labor can keep the wolf from the door, but nothing more. Capital was born with a golden spoon in its mouth, labor with a chopstick.—Dallas Farm and Ranch.

**LABOR EXPLOITED.**

**INTERESTS OF WORKMEN AND EMPLOYERS ARE NOT IDENTICAL.**

**How the Wagerworkers Are Defrauded—What Unions Have Done—Advanced Position of Professor Howarth of Chicago University.**

Professor Ira W. Howarth of Chicago university recently delivered a lecture to the university extension series at Cleveland. His subject was "The Labor Question." He said:

"In watching the vast army of wage earners parading the streets of Chicago on Labor day the prophecy of Macaulay, uttered in a letter written to Sam Randolph in 1837, rang in my ears. 'The time will come,' he said, 'when New England will be as thickly peopled as old England. Wages will be as low and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchester and Birmingham, and in those Manchester and Birmingham hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be some time out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century if not in this.' I remember, too, the opinion of Herbert Spencer, who wrote to a citizen of this country, 'We have had times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you—civil war, immense bloodshed and eventual military despotism of the severest type.' These pessimistic utterances hardly create a ripple in the placid optimism of the average American, but the bare possibility of general industrial depression or a conceivable conflict of labor and capital extending throughout the whole country must impress upon him the necessity of an intelligent and impassioned consideration of the labor question with the view at least of lessening the friction between employers and employees, if not of finding a final solution of the question.

"The complaint of labor today is that under the present industrial regime a large number of wage earners are almost always out of employment and that those who are employed do not receive a fair share of the products of industry. As to the first complaint, it is contended by some that an army of the unemployed is necessary to make our present industrial system work, for unless there is such an army for the capitalist to draw upon he cannot meet the spasmodic demands characteristic of the markets of the world. The number of the unemployed in this country, of course, varies from time to time. The federal census of 1890 showed that 15 1/2 per cent of the total number engaged in gainful occupations were unemployed at their principal occupations during some portion of the census year. The loss of labor and consuming power thus represented is a source of weakness which in the interest not only of the wage earner, but also of our entire society, should be destroyed.

"When we turn to consider the proportion of the product of industry which goes to labor, we may find abundant statistics to prove either that labor is unjustly rewarded or the reverse. One has but to examine the campaign book of his party to find ample support for the conclusion which his party sympathies have already led him to draw. The fact that conclusions of the two great political parties on this question are diametrically opposed seems to indicate that figures, if not figures, will lie. A report recently issued by the treasury department gives us a basis for determining the share of labor in the manufacturing industries. It shows that in 1900 there were in round numbers 513,000 manufacturing establishments with 5,700,000 employed and turning out an aggregate product of \$13,000,000,000. The total cost of wages, salaries, materials, etc., was \$11,000,000,000, thus leaving to capital \$1,900,000,000, or about 20 per cent on the capital invested. The same report shows that the average wages in these industries in 1900 was \$438 as against \$445 in 1890, and the average number of wage earners increased from 1890 to 1900 25.1 per cent, while the total wages increased but 23.1 per cent. The Massachusetts bureau of statistics in a recent investigation of the cost of living has arrived at the conclusion that the average man is not so well off as he has been.

"The question of greater importance, however, is not whether the condition of the wage earner is improving, but whether it has ever been what it ought to be. As to the latter question I do not think that it can be successfully contended that labor has ever, on the whole, shared equitably with capital. Generally speaking, the capitalist has been the lion of industry, and he has appropriated the lion's share. Whenever anybody gets money without earning it, somebody earns money without getting it. Many of those who insist that labor is not underpaid have been arguing this for many years. At the same time they claim that wages have been rising. The conclusion would naturally be that wages are now too high, but the most ardent apologist of capital hesitates in regard to advancing such an absurdity. The fact is that labor has just cause of complaint, and the sooner this is generally recognized the more rapidly shall we approach a solution of the labor question.

"Of course the responsibility for the present condition of labor does not rest wholly upon employers of labor. The inefficient laborer whose inefficiency is due to some personal cause, who lacks interest in his work or in his employer's business, who is thriftless and who is unable or unwilling to combine with his fellow laborers to secure better wages, has himself to blame for

his unsatisfactory condition. At the same time it must be recognized that one of the faults of the wage system is that it does not provide in mere time wages a sufficient motive of interest to the laborer, and it should also be recognized that exploitation is now, as it has been, one of the causes of the misfortunes of labor.

"It is frequently said that the interests of labor and capital are identical, but this is true only in a limited sense. Labor and capital have common interests in general prosperity, in cheap production and in the payment of such wages as are necessary to preserve the efficiency of labor—that is to say, they have a common interest in producing as much as possible. But here the identity ends, and those who seek to reconcile labor and capital by preaching a community of interests are engaged in a vain undertaking. Their mistake arises from the contemplation of an ideal harmony of interests which does not now exist and which never can exist until the interests of both labor and capital are ideal. Employees want the highest wages they can get, employers the lowest they can pay. Employees want shorter hours without reduced pay, employers longer hours without increased pay. Employees want severe competition among laborers; employees strive to limit competition among themselves by methods good and bad. Employers favor piece-work; employees discourage it. Employees favor the organization of labor; many employers are opposed to it. The history of labor legislation plainly reflects this clashing of interests.

"Trade unions have been instrumental in raising wages, in preventing reduction of wages, in shortening the hours of toil and in securing legislation favorable to labor. It is plain enough why capital has in general opposed trade unions. To be sure, the value of the union is now admitted by many employers, but this is due largely to the fact that the employer has been to some extent shorn of his power over labor and has become reconciled to it.

"Inasmuch as the exploitation is the result of ignorance and selfishness it is plain that the final solution of the labor question depends upon the education of the employers and employees, the development of a type of man whose interests are identified with those of his fellow men. This, however, is far in the future, and our chief object now should be to limit the power of some men to exploit other men. The Golden Rule, not the rule of gold, is what needs to be urged. At the same time it must be remembered that the Golden Rule itself cannot solve the labor question unless it is generally practiced. The employer who of himself undertakes to follow the Golden Rule in his business will doubtless find himself undersold by those who practice the 'tricks of the trade.' There is no individual solution of a social problem.

"As a remedy for the losses and inconveniences of the open conflict between labor and capital arbitration is frequently proposed. This is in the line of social evolution. There are the same reasons for the arbitration of labor troubles as for the arbitration of international difficulties. Trade unions as a rule favor arbitration. Some employers do, and those who find 'nothing to arbitrate' will change their view as labor becomes more thoroughly organized. Both labor and capital oppose compulsory arbitration, and it must be admitted that there are many difficulties in the way of it. Still, the arguments against it are not wholly convincing. Theoretical propositions concerning the proper limits of the state's functions have no weight whatever. A priori declarations about the 'liberty of the subject' have less and less influence as men recognize more clearly the fact that true individual freedom is attained only through social regulation. On the other hand, the objection of labor to the incorporation of trade unions and the claim that labor would not receive justice at the hands of a court of arbitration do not seem to me to be well founded. No doubt there is some truth in the claim that capital influences the courts, but there would be less truth in it if laborers would exercise more intelligently their right of suffrage. The incorporation of labor organizations then, so that they will be responsible for their acts, and the establishment of courts of arbitration before which parties to a labor disturbance may present their grievances and whose finding will be binding upon both sides are remedies for modern labor troubles which the public would do well to consider."

**Wages and Profits.**

Prior to the strike the anthracite miners worked ten hours a day 200 days of the year for an average wage of \$1.42 a day, which amounted to an average individual income of \$284. Each miner received about 60 cents for each ton of coal that he mined, and each miner mined about two and one-third tons a day. In computing the wages of the miners the mine owners fixed the weight of a ton of coal at various figures, ranging between 2,740 and 3,190 pounds, and sold the same coal to the customer at 2,240 pounds to the ton.

The average cost of the coal delivered to the local dealers throughout the country was \$1.87 a ton. The average cost to the consumer was \$3.25 per ton. The difference between the cost of production and the price paid by the consumer, \$4.38, represents the profits of the coal trust and the retailers.—Boston Traveler.

**Gold Beaters Well Organized.**

According to reports made by the gold beaters' organization, every gold leaf manufacturer in the United States, with the exception of one Philadelphia firm, has accepted the new scale contended for by the union. Among the clauses contained in the new agreement is the abolition of sweatshops and system work.

**PORTSMOUTH KITTERY AND YORK BOSTON & MAINE R. R.**

**STREET RAILWAY.**

**FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1902.**

From Portsmouth—Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55 a. m., 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55 p. m.; Arrive at St. Aspidochalk Park, York Beach, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

To Portsmouth—Car leaves St. Aspidochalk Park, York Beach, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.; Arrives at P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, 6.35, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, 11.05, 11.35 a. m., 12.05, 12.35, 1.05, 1.35, 2.05, 2.35, 3.05, 3.35, 4.05, 4.35, 5.05, 5.35, 6.05, 6.35, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, 11.05 p. m.

\*Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Kittery making close connection with electric cars.  
\*Cancelled Sunday.  
\*Mail and Express trips—week days. Car heated.  
Subject to changes and unavoidable delays.  
W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

**Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co.**

Leaves Greenacres, Eliot—6.10, 6.45, 7.15, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10 p. m.

\*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacres 8.10 a. m.

\*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.  
\*Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot.  
\*To Kittery and Kittery Point only.  
\*Runs to Staples' store only.  
Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; South Eliot school house No. 7 to Greenacres 5 cents.  
Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co.'s, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

**Portsmouth Electric Railway**

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

**Main Line.**

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7.05 a. m., 8.05 and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.50 a. m., 8.50 a. m. and 10.05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. Cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.05 a. m., 9.05 and hourly until 8.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 8.10 a. m., 9.10 a. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m.

**Plains Loop.**

Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05.

**Christian Shore Loop.**

Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05.

\*Omitted Sundays.  
\*Omitted holidays.  
\*Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.  
WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

**TIME TABLE.**

Portsmouth & Exeter Electric Railway.

**Cars Leave Portsmouth for**

Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter at 6.35 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9.35 p. m. After that time one car will leave Portsmouth at 10.30, running to Greenland Village and Stratham only.

**Cars Leave Exeter for**

Stratham, Greenland Village and Portsmouth at 5.45 a. m. and every hour until 9.45 p. m. After that a car will leave Exeter at 10.45 and run to Greenland Village only.

**Theatre Cars.**

(Note) The last car from Portsmouth to Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter waits at Portsmouth until the conclusion of performances at the opera house.

**EASTERN DIVISION.**

Winter Arrangement (in effect October 12, 1902.)

**Trains Leave Portsmouth**

For Boston—3.47, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.28 p. m. Sunday, 3.47, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.46 a. m., 2.45, 5.22, 8.45, 9.15 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 9.15 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.45 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—9.45, 9.55 r. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—1.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.15, 2.40, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

**Trains for Portsmouth**

Leave Boston—7.30, 1.00, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 7.40 p. m. Sunday, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 7.40 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.50, 9.00, a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.19, 9.47, a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.32, 10.00 a. m., 4.05, 6.39 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday, 6.26, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.19, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday 6.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.24, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 6.35, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

**SOUTHERN DIVISION.**

**Portsmouth Branch.**

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30, a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.49, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.07 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.22 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.32 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave.

Concord—7.45, 10.25, a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.10, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.22 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47, a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

**YORK HARBOR & BEACH R. R.**

Leave Portsmouth 7.50, 11.00 a. m., 2.50, 5.35 p. m.

Leave York Beach 6.40, 10.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.05 p. m.

Trains leave York Harbor 6 minutes later.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

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## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1902.

President Roosevelt has appointed Thursday, Nov. 27th, as a day of national thanksgiving and praise. That will be a much brighter Thanksgiving day in thousands of homes than it would have been had not the great strike of coal miners been ended, largely through the courage, energy and tact of Theodore Roosevelt.

"Mitchell day" was celebrated by the union coal miners of the anthracite district on Wednesday by a general suspension of work, and by parades in many places. When the imperative need of coal all over the country is considered, it would appear that they would have honored Mr. Mitchell more by keeping at work and thus advancing by one day the time of relief from the coal famine; and undoubtedly Mr. Mitchell would have told them so himself had he been asked, for he has shown himself to be a level-headed and sensible man.

The Philippine commission report that business is seriously hampered and enterprises of all kinds in the islands discouraged by the fluctuation value of the currency, which congress refused to fix a permanent standard for; and in Mexico one day this week the value of the Mexican silver dollar was quoted at 33 cents. The American merchants, manufacturers and wage earners might have had just as cheap a dollar as the Mexicans if only Bryan and the sixteen-to-one democracy had been given the power to establish the silver standard for the United States—a standard that now prevails in Mexico and China alone of all the important nations of the earth.

The New York Herald prints a dispatch from Trenton, N. J., in which ex-President Cleveland is quoted as saying he is very much interested in the success of his party in the present campaign, and that "it is generally felt that the democratic party stands on solid ground this year in unequivocally declaring for a revisor of the tariff. But then, everybody knows where I stand on that question." This is plain enough. Mr. Cleveland is desirous of another period of Gorman-Wilson prosperity with its closed manufactories and mills, its millions of idle wage-earners and its free-soup houses to keep them and their families from starving, and its vast importations of cheap-wage manufactured articles from Europe, and he believes the democratic party is with him on this point. In this he is right, at least in so far as the leaders of the party are concerned, but we doubt very much whether a majority of the workmen of the country are yearning for a return of the nightmare of 1893-97. We shall not have to wait very long to learn whether they are or not.

### THE PEOPLE AND THEIR SERVANTS.

There have been disagreements between individual members of the board of aldermen ever since the beginning of the current municipal year and these have of late attained such importance as to involve the entire board.

The constantly recurring disputes

have seriously interfered with the business of the city. Needed legislation has been blocked and much time has been consumed in the fruitless discussion of matters of little real moment.

Upon the merits of the controversy which is just now engrossing the attention of the attention of the mayor and the members of the upper branch of the city government, and of the people of Portsmouth as well, the Herald does not intend to pass at this time. The occurrence of Thursday evening, when a majority of the members of the aldermanic board were locked out of the chamber in which that body holds its deliberations was most lamentable. These gentlemen had a perfect right to enter that chamber on the evening in question, and the locking of the doors against them, whoever was responsible for it, was a cowardly act.

The gentlemen of the board of aldermen were elected by the citizens of Portsmouth to care for the public interests. The citizens of Portsmouth expect these gentlemen to do this and to transact the municipal business with as little friction and as expeditiously as possible.

The mayor and the aldermen, therefore, should sink their differences and proceed at once to follow the expressed wishes of the people they were elected to serve.

### MARK TWAIN ON THE COAL STRIKE.

"No, you can't get anything out of me about the coal situation," said Mark Twain to a reporter the other day. "I write for my living, and I don't propose to give any of my views in an interview. If I should write out my ideas on the subject I would charge you ten times more than you would want to pay me, so we would never come to terms."

"What would you suggest as a remedy for coal strikes in future?" was asked.

"Just hat has succeeded in ending this one—that is, arbitration. There's no use in trying to doctor for sickness until you know what disease you have got."

"But here, now, I have wasted enough of my valuable time already. I have always said I would not be interviewed and I won't be," and Mr. Twain backed toward the entrance of his writing-room, opened the door, walked in, closed the door again and walked out through the keyhole.

"Amuse yourself all you want to sit on that bench or eat up the books in the library. I don't care."

### MADE A GOOD SHOWING.

The New Hampshire college football team played the strong Colby university eleven, the conqueror of Bates and Bowdoin, at Durham on Wednesday, and was beaten, eleven to five. Colby owed its victory to the individual work of Halfbacks Watkins and Coombs, whose dashing end runs were responsible for two touchdowns. New Hampshire excelled in team play and scored a touchdown by persistent attacks on Colby's line.

### A BUNCH OF INEBRIATES.

The police cared for ten drunks on Thursday night, picked up during the afternoon and night. This is the largest number recorded on the police blotter in a long time.

### CURING CONSUMPTION.

When Scott's Emulsion makes a consumptive gain flesh it is curing his consumption.

The weight is the measure of the consumptive's condition. Every pound of weight gained is a matter for congratulation.

Exactly what goes on inside to make the consumptive gain weight when taking Scott's Emulsion is still a mystery.

Scott's Emulsion does something to the lungs, too, that reduces the cough and the inflammation.

More weight and less cough always mean that consumption is losing its influence over the system.

For all stages of the disease Scott's Emulsion is a reliable help.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

### A SONG OF LABOR.

Action, unceasing endeavor—whether with iron or brawn;  
Singing of hammer on anvil, thrust of the plough through the soil,  
Thought born of thought in the night-time, ax-stroke in silence of dawn,  
Solving the secrets of science—secrets that guard our toil.  
Action, strong effort forever—this is the life of our time;  
This is the heart-throb of Manhood, the pulsing of purpose sublime.

Flickered the glaive long in battles, carving the future of kings,  
Cutting the fetters of bondage, doing God's will in His way—  
Now in its scabbard 'tis sleeping, here on the wall where it swings,  
Dust on its hilt and Time's sharp teeth eating its edge, day by day.  
Haukerb nor casque brought it harming, yet all of its temper is gone—  
Vanished its puissant prowess—today labor rolls the world on.

Tides of the amorous ocean strive for the kiss of the noon,  
Rivers, full-bosomed and brimming, bring their broad blessings to men;  
Health from their restlessness rises; but, in the stagnant lagoon,  
Born in the pestilent vapor—born in the death-breeding fen,  
Water, life's limitless solvent, its blessings will freely disburse;  
When it is stagnant and pulseless, lo, it is turned to a curse.  
Action, untiring and constant—this is the law of breath;  
Live then! O brothers who labor; labor that ceases is death.  
—Robert Mackay, in November Success.

### STRAY BITS.

"I suppose your chances of winning the affections of Miss Gray are as good as the next fellow's?" "I don't know. She called me 'Jim' very affectionately last night." "You don't say? Well, that's promising, isn't it?" "Hardly, considering that my name happens to be Tom."

Mrs. Startupper—"Ah, professor! And how is my daughter getting on with her music? Do you think she will ever become a great singer?" Professor—"Madam, it is very hard to say." But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?" "Ach! Yah, madam; she has a mouth."

Mama (to a friend who is lunching with her)—"I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we're alone." Tommy (helping himself to a third piece of cake)—"I know why it is—'cause we have better things to eat."

Double work: First Decorator—"I advised him to have his house decorated during his wife's absence as a surprise." Second Decorator—"Good! Then we'll have to do it all over again when she gets back."

The Lady—"Did anyone call while I was out?" The Maid—"No, ma'am." "That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have at 'at home' day for?"

Miss Nora once wore a fedora, As bright as the wing of Aurora. A goat passing by Said, when it caught his eye, "I'd adore a feed o'er a fedora!"

### FELL FROM HIS CAR.

Unaccountable Death Of A Guard On Boston Elevated.

Boston, Oct. 30.—In some unaccountable manner, John J. Kennedy, twenty-seven years old, a guard on the Boston Elevated railway, fell from his train tonight, on Commercial street, to the pavement twenty feet below and was instantly killed.

Kennedy called out the station when State street was reached, as usual, but when the train stopped at Battery street, he was missing. The train was held while men went back to search for him, but he had already been found lying dead in the street by a policeman.

### NAVAL ORDERS.

Lieut. L. M. Nulton, from duty in connection with the Maine to duty in connection with fitting out the Texas and on board when commissioned.

Passed Assistant Paymaster D. V. Chadwick, from duty as pay officer of naval station, San Juan, and continue as general storekeeper.

Pay Inspector S. Rand granted three months' sick leave.

Assistant Surgeon S. S. Rodman from the Alert to Mare Island and two months' sick leave.

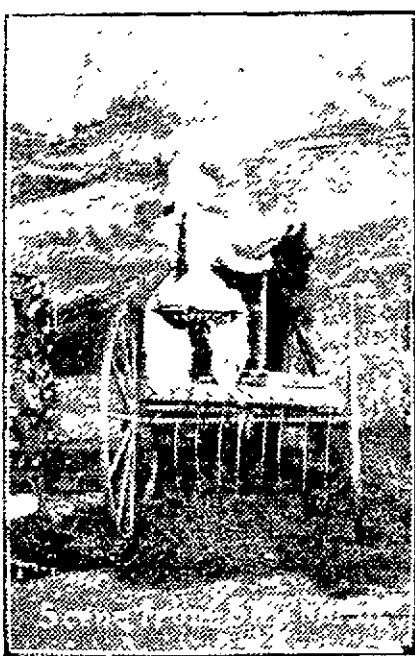
Paymaster W. B. Wilcox from naval torpedo station, Narragansett Bay, to the Newark.

Paymaster P. V. Mohan, orders to the Newark revoked; to the naval station at San Juan as pay officer.



### FULL OF SUNSHINE.

Sky Farm, which is again coming to Music Hall on Nov. 5th, is a play which has been aptly said to be "full of sunshine and love," with the cleanest, best, most rippling kind of merriment and the tenderest, sweetest of sentiment. "All the world loves a lover" and this is probably one of the strongest reasons why so many good people found such keen enjoyment and deep interest and satisfaction in attending the 250 or more performances which



### THE TWO SISTERS.

Although Dezman Thompson and George W. Ryer's play, The Two Sisters, is announced as one in which the moral tone predominates, it must not be understood as a slow or preachy affair. On the contrary it is full of life and action, its characters are studies from real life, they move quickly and with a purpose. The climaxes to each act are full of interest, especially the third act, which shows an illuminated effect of the house of New York and is the very climax of legitimate sensationalism. The stage has nothing like it outside of a few fantastic impossibilities that any auditor can readily see could never occur in reality. There's music, song, quaint comedy, pretty girls, rich costuming and absolutely correct pictorial elaboration, through all of which runs the delightful story of the moral play, showing virtue's triumphs and vice's ultimate and inevitable downfall. The splendid reputation of The Two Sisters has preceded it and an immense audience is sure to be in attendance when it is played here.

### EDISON'S CONGENIAL ASSOCIATE

Robert Edison during his recent stay in Boston was given a supper at a club which boasts a very pompous major-domo of color. Towards the end of the evening he approached the table and made grave inquiries regarding the service, the viands and the liquors. Catching sight of Edison's manner changed, in fact he chuckled and beamed—

"Excuse me, but ain't you Mr. 'Bob' Edison?"

"You have it right," replied the actor.

"What used to be at the Museum?"

"I plead guilty."

"Well, 'pon my honor, time do work wonders—we've both come up in this world mightily since I used to serve you in—eh—phouse."

"Why so you did. It's odd that you remember me—that's about ten years ago."

"Remember you? One can never forget congenial associates."

### A GRAND SOLOIST WITH CREATORE.

The vocal portion of the program when Creatore and his Italian band come here on November 12th will be furnished by Mme. Barilli, a beautiful woman and charming soprano with a high range voice of excellent lyric quality. She has been one of the successes of the band throughout its career. The band throughout is composed of excellent instrumental soloists, several of whom are famous in Italy. This gives all of the music the best of performance, and under the almost hypnotic influence of the great conductor, some

# GRAND REPUBLICAN RALLY

MUSIC HALL, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,  
Monday Evening, Nov. 3d.

### SPEAKERS

HON. N. J. BACHELDER, Republican Nominee for Governor,

P. J. CONLAN of Boston, Well-Known Labor Agitator

The Evening will also be enlivened with Campaign Songs by PROFESSOR MAXHAM.

Seats will be Reserved for Ladies Music by the Portsmouth City Band. All Voters Cordially Invited to Attend. Speaking will commence at eight o'clock.

## MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, - - - MANAGER.

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 5th.

### SECOND YEAR!

Edward E. Kidder's American Country Play,

From its Memorable Runs,—4 Months, Boston; 150 Nights, New York,

# SKY FARM!

A SIMPLE STORY OF THE BEREAVED HEARTS.

Prices.....35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

Seats on sale at Music Hall box Office, Monday morning, Nov. 3d.

When ready for your next Suit or Overcoat let us show you the best made and best fitting garments possible to produce--The Famous Stein-Blöch Clothes.

OUR FALL STOCK OF EVERYTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS IS ALL READY

## HENRY PEYSER & SON.

of the grandest effects of music are produced. Creatore, the most interesting thing in the entertainment is the personality of Creatore himself. He is an Italian of the highest artistic temperament, and throws such energy into all of his work that his gestures and agile mannerisms rivet the attention of all who witness the performance. Never has any conductor been caricatured like Creatore, and the cleverest writers in the country have exhausted their adjectives in trying to describe his actions.

### A PIANIST WITH SHORT HAIR.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, first of the season's pianists to come to New York, might almost have been mistaken for an ordinary man of business as he stood in the Grand Central station on his way to Worcester the other day. The young Russian is in the first place so shy on hair, that prevailing characteristic of the piano virtuoso, as to be unlike his kind in one important particular. Beyond a flowing necktie, moreover, he shows no eccentricities of dress. He is like few other musicians in his wide interest in the general topics of life and literature. He has the Russian gift for languages, speaks English fluently, and is of course master of all continental tongues. His father is a lawyer of reputation in St. Petersburg, and Gabrilowitsch in St. Petersburg is not compelled to follow music as a matter of necessity. His intimacy with contemporary English letters may be understood from the fact that his favorite author is Bernard Shaw.—New York Sun

### AN EXPENSIVE VENTURE.

That it is an expensive venture to plunge into the sea of theatricals may well be imagined when the investment first made in The Great Ruby, the melodramatic success of London and New York, is considered.

First produced at the Drury Lane theatre, London, by Arthur Collins, the managing director of the play house, at least \$100,000 was placed in circulation through the medium of royalties for playwrights, for scenery, costumes and properties.

There are thirty speaking parts in the production, and in addition there was an array of supernumeraries. Before the doors first were opened for an independent fortune had been sunk in it, but it was regained, as the piece was the success of London for two entire years.

The late Augustin Daly brought the play to America and produced it at Daly's theatre, New York, and he, too, invested a sum equal to that of Mr. Collins' before the curtain first rung up on it in New York.

A cast such as but few productions were ever given in America, headed by Miss Ada Rehan, interpreted the various roles, and for 200 nights the most conservative and exclusive playhouse in America was crowded to the doors with enthusiastic playgoers. The death of Mr. Daly terminated its great run, and The Great Ruby has been used by not more than one or two exclusive stock companies. This season is the first that it has been sent on tour.

### SHIPWRECKED.

Another large audience witnessed the Bennett-Moulton company's production of Shipwrecked Thursday evening, in Music hall and the general verdict, as has been the case all through the company's engagement here, was a most favorable one. The scenic effects were excellent and the acting was of a high order.

Shipwrecked is an interesting melodrama, at times even thrilling, and the Bennett-Moulton company enacted it in a manner which calls for nothing but praise. The frequent applause was sufficient evidence of the approval of the audience.

### TO ADDRESS THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Superintendent of Schools H. C. Morrison has made arrangements for Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, who will visit Portsmouth next Tuesday, to address the children of the public schools in Goodwin park. Capt. Hobson will meet the school children at half-past four in the afternoon, after the conclusion of the breaking ground exercises of the new Y. M. C. A. building.

## LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

### CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon;  
Vice Pres., James Lyons;  
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.  
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.  
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

### FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;  
Sec., E. W. Clark.  
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

### TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres., William B. Randall;  
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Hottel;  
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;  
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;  
Sergeant Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.  
Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

### PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons;  
Rec. Sec., Charles H. Colson.  
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

### COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;  
Sec., John Molloy.  
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

### MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 308.

Pres., John Harrington;  
Sec., William Dunn.  
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

### HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., Frank Bray;  
Sec., Brinard Hershey.  
Meets 28 Market street, first Monday of the month.

### GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;  
Sec., Walter Staples.  
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;  
Sec., James D. Brooks.  
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;  
Sec., Frank Ham.  
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

### GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;  
Sec., James McNaughton.  
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

### CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Dennett;  
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.  
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

### LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere. Coulib;  
Sec., Michael Leyden.  
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;  
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

### BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;  
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;  
Fin. Sec., John Connell.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

### BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;  
Sec., James E. Chickering.  
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

### BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.

Pres., James H. Cogan;  
Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright;  
Treas., Edward Amazeen.  
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

### Professional Cards.

### C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.

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Portsmouth, N. H.

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Office Hours:

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Residence, 98 State St.  
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Portsmouth, N. H.

100 HOURS: 1 to 5 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

# DON'T CHASE SHADOWS.

Not Necessary to Do So in Ports-mouth.

The substance is what you want. Let the shadow alone. Stranger's testimony is a shadow. You want other endorsement to convince.

Positive endorsement of friends and neighbors Removes the shadow of doubt.

Mr. Charles Kennedy of 25 Gates street says:—"A few years ago I was laid up with rheumatism for over two months, so that I could not get out of the house. I never regained my former strength and my kidneys are apt to become sluggish. During the winter I was taken with a very lame back, and the constant ache made me miserable. I was so sore over my kidneys that I could hardly pick anything from the floor and twinges caught me in the back that were excruciating. After I commenced using them I gradually grew better until the lameness and soreness entirely disappeared."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



# LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the last clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

**HAUGH,**  
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR  
20 High Street.

**W. E. Paul**  
RANGES  
—AND—  
PARLOR STOVES  
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street

**OLIVER W. HAM.**

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

—AND—  
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Baynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

# POLICE AT WORK.

Are Investigating The Reading Murder Mystery.

Progress Is Slow And Few Clues Are Obtainable.

One Man Thinks Murdered Woman May Be His Divorced Wife.

Reading, Mass., Oct. 30.—Chief of Police Merrill and State Officer Whitney lost no time today in resuming investigations into the murder case brought to light here yesterday by the finding of a woman's body in a brush pile near the Wakefield line. As far as can be learned the officials have little to encourage them in trying to discover evidence, although they express considerable confidence that the murderer will be arrested soon.

Although hundreds of persons visited the undertaking rooms where the body rests, no one has been able to identify the woman.

The view of all the townspeople is that she was a stranger in Reading. One man, who refused to give his name, as he could not make a positive identification, said that in a general way the woman looked like his wife, but that he had not lived with her nor seen her in a number of years. The police, while not disputing the evidence that the woman was a stranger, are of the opinion that she had not been dead for any length of time.

They are fully convinced that the murder was committed in anger, from the fact that each one of the wounds about the head would have caused death. It is believed also that the body was conveyed in a team to the place near where it was found, and dragged from the road to its hiding place. The dragging of the body is taken to indicate that only one person handled it and the fact that it was only partly hidden by the boughs which were brown over it is taken to show that the work was done very hurriedly or at early dawn or at night when the murderer could not see clearly to make the hiding effectual.

During the forenoon several persons who live in the vicinity of the place where the woman's body was found met General Whitney and gave him such evidence as they possessed. Among them were Dennis Daly, who lives on Main street. Daly saw a man and woman walking along the highway yesterday afternoon about half a mile from the place where the body was found. The woman answered the description of the murdered one, and the man was of middle age, about five feet, nine inches in height, weighing about 140 pounds. He had a heavy dark moustache streaked with gray and wore a long dark coat.

The man who thought the woman might be his wife is Sam Weingert of Boston and he was brought here very early this morning because the police had found upon the body a marriage certificate bearing his name. Weingert is a Hebrew peddler and his home is at 18 Prince street.

Later in the day it was admitted that positive identification of the woman as being the one seen yesterday by Mr. Burns and Mr. Daly had been made. A good description of the man said to have been seen with the victim was furnished the police. This is considered an important clue.

# DONT BELIEVE HIM.

Young Man Calling Himself A Murderer Doubled By Police.

New York, Oct. 30.—William C. Johnson, who gave himself up to the Brooklyn police last night, declaring that he was the slayer of Albert C. Latimer who was shot at his home in July last, was questioned today by Detective Captain James G. Reynolds. Johnson was asked to describe the shoes, lantern and cap found on the Latimer premises following the shooting. He declared that the lantern was a burglar's dark lantern, that the shoes were of the ordinary walking style and that the cap was of thin black material. He went on: "This cap which you hand me is blue; the one I wore up there was black."

The lantern found by the police in Latimer's home was a bicycle lantern, the cap was of thin black material and the shoes were low cut with felt soles.

When these articles were shown to Johnson he said they were not his. At the close of the prisoner's examination Captain Reynolds said to him: "My opinion of you is that you are either crazy or a clumsy liar."

Johnson told the police he lived at

464 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

Johnson told what purported to be a story of the killing of Latimer, implicating a man named Walsh, a stranger whom he met in New York. He could not tell where Walsh might be found.

Johnson was held until November 7 to give the police time to look him up and was remanded to jail.

# MOTION DENIED.

Gov. Black Wanted Molineux Acquitted Because Of Insufficient Evidence.

New York, Oct. 30.—Counsel for the defense in the Molineux trial moved today that the court direct the jury to acquit the defendant on the ground that the evidence was insufficient. Justice Lambert denied the motion. Ex-Governor Black, in moving Molineux's acquittal, said the evidence given was not sufficient to warrant a conviction; that there was no evidence that the defendant ever had in his possession cyanide of mercury or the bottle holder in which the poison was sent; that he did not mail the poison package and that there was no proof whatever connecting the defendant with the crime charged.

At the close of Mr. Black's argument Justice Lambert said: "I will deny the motion for the present and will hear all the evidence."

Mr. Black then asked the court to permit him to make his opening address to the jury tomorrow and Justice Lambert acquiesced, declaring court adjourned until tomorrow. Mr. Black said his opening address will be very short. After the adjournment Mr. Black was asked if Molineux would take the stand in his own behalf. "There is a strong likelihood that we shall call Mr. Molineux," he said, "but nothing has been decided."

# LONDON PAPERS GLOOMY.

They Are Alarmed Over American Control Of British Railways.

London, Oct. 30.—The Globe, this afternoon, commenting on the "tube" railroad debate in the house of commons yesterday, says:

"Last night's proceedings were a melancholy foretaste of what we are to expect under the rule of American capitalism. The full sting consists in the fact that American syndicates should have been allowed to fight over the body of the London citizen."

The paper attributes the present condition of affairs to the apathy of British investors, but declares it "is better to muddle on, overcrowded and badly served as we are, than to place our means of locomotion in the hands of the trans-Atlantic railway jobbers." In conclusion the Globe urges the government to control the "tubes."

The other afternoon papers comment on the situation in a similar tone.

# AGAINST MAD MULLAH.

Large British Force Will Be Sent To Destroy His Army.

Aden, Arabia, Oct. 30.—Colonel Swayne, the British commander in Somaliland, has reached Berbera safely. His wounded men are doing well. No further movement of the British troops against the Mad Mullah will be made until a large force is collected, which will be about two months hence. There is no doubt that the Somali levies showed the white feather in the recent fighting with the Mullah's followers.

Colonel Cobbe is in command at Bohotle. Somaliland, where the guns have arrived. The garrison is not threatened.

# MORE MARINES FOR PANAMA.

Gunboat Bancroft Will Take Additional Forces.

Norfolk, Va., Oct. 30.—The gunboat Bancroft came into port today to take on an extra draft of marines for service at Panama. An additional detail of marines is expected to reach here from New York tomorrow morning, to go aboard the Prairie. The Bancroft took on coal and is ready to clear for the south.

# DISMISSES TWO HUNDRED.

Many Officials Of Russian Finance Ministry Discharged.

Berlin, Oct. 30.—The Tageblatt today prints a despatch from St. Petersburg, saying that Finance Minister Witte dismissed 200 officials, employed under the finance ministry, during his far eastern inspection trip, for irregularities.

# PRESIDENT'S BRIEF VACATION.

Washington, Oct. 30.—President Roosevelt and a small party will leave here tomorrow night on an outing of a day or two in Virginia. It is probable that some of the battlefields of the Civil war will be visited.

# MINES VISITED.

Arbitrators Make Tour Of The Coal Fields.

Witness The Process Of The Production Of Coal.

President Mitchell Orders Strike Resumed In The Hazleton District.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 30.—The seven commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt to adjust the differences existing between the anthracite mine workers and their employers today made a tour of the extreme upper coal field and saw every step taken in the production of coal, from the time it is blasted from the ground up to the point where it is sent to market.

The arbitrators had an interesting day and returned to their hotel at 6.30 tonight, grimy from coal dust and tired after eight hours of observation and investigation. The trip was quite a novelty to most of those in the party, some of whom had never before been in the hard coal region.

# New Strike Ordered.

Hazleton, Pa., Oct. 30.—The strike at the seven collieries of Coxie brothers and company, the four mines of G. B. Markle and company and the Silver Brook operation of E. S. Wentz and company, was officially renewed today through an order issued by District Secretary Gallagher of the United Mine Workers upon instructions from President Mitchell. The strikers at those mines were not permitted to return to work in a body, the Coxies insisting that their employees make personal application for their former positions and G. B. Markle and company requiring that each man before going to work, promise to abide by the decision of the arbitration commission. The mine workers allege that the object of the requirements is discrimination against the men who were prominent in the strike.

A. Pardee and company's collieries where the men have been asked not to interfere with non-union hands, are not included in the strike order. The men voted on Saturday not to resume until the agreement is withdrawn.

# A GIGANTIC PLOT.

Chicago Tax Frauds Result Of Extreme Operations.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—The Daily News today says:

To State Attorney Dineen and his uncle, Police Inspector Wheeler, the convicted tax fixer, has revealed in all its ramifications the gigantic plot which collapsed after the discovery of the Masonic temple tax frauds. Unless the present program shall be changed, Wheeler will go before the grand jury tomorrow and under oath reiterate the statements made to the prosecution.

According to Wheeler, the Masonic temple affair was merely incidental to an extensive series of operations, reaching back into the past, and made possible through lax methods, coupled with a desire on the part of responsible prominent business houses to evade taxation.

# A RANK OUTSIDER.

May J., A Hundred To One Shot Wins Race At Aqueduct.

New York, Oct. 30.—The surprise of the year in racing circles came in the fifth race at the Aqueduct today, the winner turning up in May J., at 100 to one in betting.

May J., has been racing on local tracks all season and has been, in nearly every start, quoted at odds ranging from 1000 to 5000 to one. She was bought about a month ago by her owner, James McLaughlin for \$50,000. Nightingale at five to two was the favorite and made the running to within a few yards of the wire, when Anderson, an apprentice, brought May J., to the rail with a rush, and won out.

# BOARD IN SESSION.

Decision To Be Rendered On Summer Joint Maneuvers.

Newport, Oct. 30.—The board of arbitrators, appointed to review the summer maneuvers on the New England coast, is in session at the War college, with a great mass of reports before it. The board in its report will

determine just which battles were decisive and by which side won.

The board consists of Rear Admiral S. E. Luce, chairman, Lieut. Victor Blue, recorder, Rear Admiral Philip H. Cooper and Capt. William T. Swinburne of the navy and Gen. Bliss and Col. Storer of the army.

# CITY BRIEFS.

Thanksgiving, Nov. 27. Look out for Halloween pranks this evening.

The cold snap has strengthened the demand for fuel.

Better be thinking about your Christmas presents.

The small boy has commenced to look forward to the time when he can get out his skates.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles.—Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Herbert N. Davidson of Manchester is now suggested as a candidate for the speakership of the next house of representatives.

# WOMAN'S BRANCH ALLIANCE.

The meetings of the Woman's Branch Alliance of the Unitarian church, this fall and winter, will be held at the chapel on Court street on the first Tuesday of each month. The program for the season is as follows:

November (afternoon)—Reading by Mrs. Louise Hunt, "Ulysses."

December (evening)—A Parish party will be held, during which Rev. Alfred Gooding will give an illustrated reading on "Poems of Italian Places."

January (afternoon) Reading by Miss Margaret Barnard.

February (afternoon)—"Some Phases of Children." By Miss Mary I. Wood.

March (evening)—Concert.

April (afternoon) Aspects of Californian Life.

May—Business meeting.

# HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Miss Ina Montgomery, Mrs. C. W. Gray and Mrs. Arthur H. Allen will give a Halloween party in the Rye town hall this evening.

In order to keep an engagement to speak Senator Knute Nelson rode some distance on a handcar the other day, doing a large share of the "pumping" himself. There are some senators who would push a freight car rather than lose an opportunity to talk.

A Reading (Pa.) woman has brought suit for \$15 against a man who courted her for eight years and finally decided not to marry her. The notoriety of being apprised at \$15 would be regarded as something of a punishment by a sensitive man.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin De Costa of New York, who is reported to have described Newport as a cakewalk ornamented with divorce papers, appears to be trespassing upon the literary preserves of Colonel Watterson of Kentucky.

It is gratifying to observe that Eleanor Duse brought over with her professional equipment her love for "dear old America." Eleanor also brought along her love for the good American dollar.

The Mr. Born of Syracuse, N. Y., who married his mother-in-law may have occasion to wish that he had never been Born at all before the lady gets through with him.

Sir Thomas is too modest in apologizing for being "unkindly covetous" of the America's cup. The mug was made to be coveted, and the more covetousness the merrier.

The business of the dead letter office continues to increase correspondingly with our general postal business. The past year's record of 9,300,351 letters consigned to that Golgotha is an imposing testimonial to our inadvertence and general carelessness in directing letters.

Haiti has been having a period of peace. The various revolutions got accidentally mixed up the other day, and hostilities were suspended until they could get themselves untangled. Doubtless they will be resumed in due time.

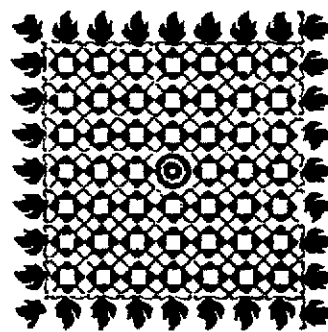
Pedro Martinez of New York says he lost \$30,000 betting on horse races during the past year. Evidently Mr. Martinez has met a lot of people who know a good thing when they see it.

With Prince Cupid running for congressional delegate, the campaign in Hawaii ought to be lively and entertaining, and there should be no doubt as to the result.

Arbitration in October and November is all very well, but arbitration in April and May would have been better.

# For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Remedy has been used for children's ailments. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



**TRUSSES**

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of  
**Shoulder Braces**  
Supporters  
AND  
**Suspensories**  
Always on hand.

**PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY**

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

**7-20-4**

10c CIGAR

is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

**R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,**  
Manchester, N. H.

**STANDARD BRAND.**  
**Newark cement**

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

**THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT**

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

and has received the commendation of the most noted Architects and Engineers generally. For more information obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

**JOHN H. BROUGHTON**

**THE HERALD**

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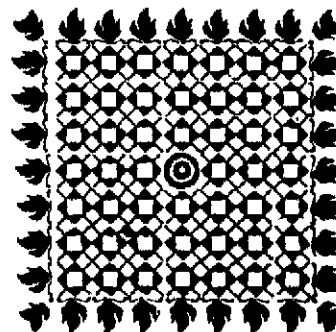
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**Work**

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**Prices.**



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now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

**J. H. Gardiner**

10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

# MANY SPORTING TOPICS

Unbeaten Dan Patch, the Pacing Marvel

IN THE FOOTBALL WORLD

Western Coaching Staffs Same as Last Year's

**D**AN PATCH, the unbeaten son of Joe Patchen, is the pacing marvel of the year. He has now equaled Star Pointer's world's record—1:59:1—and good judges declare that he will surely better these figures before his racing career is ended. Although a score of attempts have been made since Star Pointer's time to beat his record, Dan Patch is the first horse to get under two minutes.

That Dan Patch is a remarkable horse was proved in his campaign through the grand circuit last season.



PHIL KING, THE WISCONSIN COACH.

He started in races on an average of one a week against the best pacers in the country, and went through the whole season without losing a single heat. He started in this year to duplicate this remarkable record, but after winning his first two races without losing a heat the bookmakers were unable to sell pools in any race where he was a starter, and owners began to shy about paying entrance fees to start their horses against Dan Patch.

Therefore, upon the advice of Myron McHenry, Dan Patch's trainer, his owners decided to withdraw him from all races and send him only in exhibition miles after the record.

Dan Patch has a characteristic stride, his legs being lifted just far enough from the ground to complete the long "side wheeler" gait. In conformation and disposition he is much like his famous sire, Joe Patchen, 2:01. He is wonderfully intelligent, never making a blunder in his stride. He knows well what is expected of him when he sees a running mate score down to the wire alongside his folk, and settles into his gait when the starter gives the word.

It is never necessary for Driver McHenry to urge him. Patch lays back his long ears, his mane and tail straighten out in the wind, his muscles contract to the highest tension, and of his own volition he strains every nerve to attain his limit of speed. Quarters better than thirty seconds do not seem to distress him. He gamely follows the fence to the half mile pole at top speed, rounds the last turn like clockwork and gamely fights the watch to the wire.

With long, heavy schedules before them the work of the western football teams began earlier than usual this year. While the majority of the universities did not open until the last of September, the middle of that month found the coaches working with squads of men, teaching the main principles of the game to the new men and limbering up the old players for the hard work to follow. At Chicago Stagg has done his best to develop a team with which to retire some of the stinging defeats of the past two seasons.

Michigan has a strong team, one with which it hopes to win the championship. Beyond that little is known, for Coach Yost has been remarkably silent for him during the last year as to what he expects to do. Several of the best men of last year's team are not back, but with the overabundance of good material, which they always seem to have at Michigan, he should not have trouble developing men to fill the vacancies.

Minnesota, with its heavy teams, has always been an uncertainty in the football world. This has been due largely to the fact that it had few early season games of importance, but since the advent of L. Williams matters have been changed a little. After the defeat at Madison last year he seemed hopeful as to the future and with material similar to that which he has had for the last two seasons should make the Gophers worthy of close scrutiny.

Wisconsin, the other team which is likely to have a finger in the pie, has suffered severe changes in both line and back field by the loss of Larson, Cochens, Skow and Curtis. Otherwise last year's team is intact, but in filling their places Coach King had a severe task. With King as coach Wisconsin is assured of a good team, but the supporters of the cardinal want more than a good team this year, and somehow believe that they will have it.



A. A. STAGG, THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY COACH.

who retired to his farm, and as he holds the title of handicap king his absence was a big blow.

Mr. Voigt says that the sprinters asked for larger purses, continually, and then, upon receiving the largest purse of the year, they withdrew.

James Buttrick of Jacksonville is making arrangements with E. M. Sperry of New Haven, Conn., to construct the new track. Mr. Sperry constructed the record breaking track at Pittsburg. Mr. Buttrick may decide to have constructed for New Haven a six lap track, even faster than that at Pittsburg. Training camps of many of the famous riders will be transferred to the Connecticut city.

## International Cricket.

The Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia recently held a special meeting to consider a communication from England regarding the proposed tour of a Philadelphia team next spring. F. H. Holden, who is at present in London, was empowered to unite with C. W. Abcock, secretary of the Surrey County Cricket club, and complete details for the tour, including the arrangement of a schedule, which is to begin about the middle of June and close with the last week in August. Matches will be played in Bulding and Leithburgh for a starter. Games will be scheduled with the universities and follow with a match with each of the leading counties and M. C. C.

## TIMELY TALK OF THE TURF WORLD

Season's Fastest Sprinter Is Chuc-tanunda—Ed Corrigan on Thoroughbreds.

Chuctanunda is the best sprinter of the year. Up to a mile he can probably beat any horse in training and give him a considerable chunk of weight besides. Chuctanunda is a bay colt of splendid size and conformation.

He is by Laureate, out of La Tosca who will be remembered as one of the swiftest race mares of her day. La Tosca could sprint and could go a route. Her son can sprint, and he can probably go a route also, though he has not been sent over a mile as yet.

He was not entered in any of the stakes at Crayneston, New York, as Owner Sanford feels that he would not be at his best around sharp turns. He will be a starter at Morris park, New York, and on the long stretches of that course he will be seen at his best and records are likely to go.

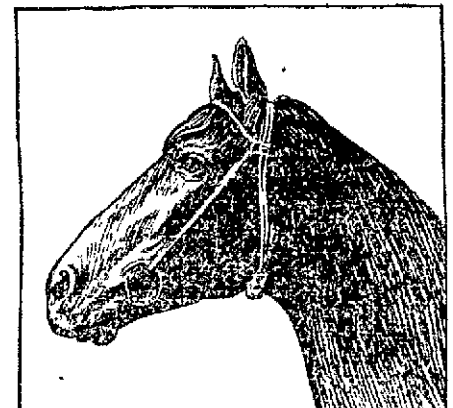
Mr. Sanford does not race any of his horses until the Saratoga meeting begins. Then his string is fresh, while others are beginning to stale off.

Chuctanunda has been beaten only once this year, and that was in his first race, in which he was just a bit short. He has given away lumps of weight and at a mile or under is the champion of the year.

Ed Corrigan, the famous western horseman, regards the Kentucky and Tennessee thoroughbreds the highest type of horses in the world. He considers their quality hardly up to the best English grade, but in stamina and general soundness they far surpass the brilliant stars raised on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Why," said he, "there is not a horse in all England that in two or three miles Advance Guard could not beat easily and give him fifteen or twenty pounds. William III. not excepted. Nor has there been in England for fifty years a horse that has trained on like the son of Imp. Great Tom. Many English cracks in their whole turf career have not run as many races as he has in a single season. He stands undisputed champion of America over a distance of ground."

Corrigan proposes to attempt to reproduce the Advance Guard type of horse by breeding his English stallion to native mares, reversing the method pursued at Castleton stud of J. K. & L. P. Keene. He proposes to limit his new breeding plant so the production will never overreach the demands of his racing stable. He never expects to



CHUCTANUNDA, THE YEAR'S BEST SPRINTER.

become a market breeder, and in the future he will breed only horses to carry his green and white sash.

"I am getting too old," he said, "to attempt to go into the breeding business in competition with the public breeders of today."

Clarence H. Mackay said recently that he would not re-enter racing for several years, at least, not until Banastur, his favorite horse, sends some of his get to the track. He said:

"I was much grieved to hear of the mishap to Mexican, so soon after Mr. R. T. Wilson, Jr., had purchased him at the sale of my horses. Mr. Madden and I thought Mexican better than any two-year-old of the year except Acetel. In saying this I do not overlook the two youngsters, Irish and Skillful."

"Mexican is all right again, I hear with pleasure, and I believe his three-year-old form will make him the horse of next year. I am sure I hope so, because I was very fond of him."



The leading golfers of the country are much exercised over the fact that Louis N. James, the new amateur champion, makes no effort to defend his title, won at Glenview, near Chicago last summer by the overthrow of Travis. James will be at Princeton this year, but he has announced that he will not enter any of the fall tournaments, giving as his reason the fact that his studies come first. He will try for the Princeton team next spring.

The golf controversy has reached Berlin and is now quite a burning diplomatic question. The British ambassador, Sir Frank C. Levesley, recently brought from England some American golf balls and illustrated their quality by hitting the British minister, C. R. E. von Vind, in a match, whereas Herr von Vind usually had the better of Sir Frank Lascelles. A large invoice of American balls has been ordered for the Berlin club, and pending their arrival those Sir Frank Lascelles brought there are being worn out with daily experiments.

## Irwin's Method.

"Fault has been found with my call ing balls and strikes from behind the pitcher," said Arthur Irwin, "yet I do it because you can judge them better from there, and, in fact, your umpire favors placing the umpire there by rule."

## A THREE DAYS' TROLLEY TRIP

(Special Correspondence.)

Boston, Sept. 30.—One of the most delightful journeys I have ever made was a trolley vacationing trip which I have just completed. It began in New York City one morning at 10 o'clock and ended here in Boston three days later at 2 o'clock. It could have been done in two days by going directly through, but we—a woman friend and myself—stopped to visit points of interest on the way.

Our road lay along the beautiful shore of Long Island sound to New Haven, thence through Hartford, Springfield and Worcester, Mass., to Boston. We made the trip all the way by trolley except for one gap of five miles



THE PICKANINNY BABY.

between Greenwich and Stamford, Conn., and another of twelve miles between New Haven and Wallingford, Conn.

The cheapest ride on the route is in New York city, where, by taking transfers, one can go from the city hall to Larchmont, a distance of twenty-seven miles, for 5 cents. In Massachusetts you can get the shortest trolley rides for 5 cents that are to be had on this continent. Observe also everywhere else in the Union we say "trolley;" Boston folk call it the "electric"—English fashion.

The cost of the journey itself, apart from food and lodging, is from \$2.01 to \$3.33, according to how you are able to use your transfers and also to how often you stop for side trips on your route. Two of these side trips are especially attractive—the one to Lake Compounce, coming on the route between New Haven and Hartford, and the other from Springfield to Holyoke and up Mount Tom.

You have heard no doubt that three some old tradition of the rudeness of women to one another when they meet as strangers. Well, if the accusation was ever true it is so no longer. Without exception on this trolley journey we found women crowding together to make room for other women and taking children on their knees to give a seat to a newcomer of their own sex. In several instances my friend and myself were barely in time to catch a place in a flying car, when women already seated grasped our hands and handbags and drew us up and in beside them. Once or twice they even held some of our parcels for us. I thank them all herewith.

It gave me good hope for the future. Women rude and selfish to one another? Don't you believe it. The old woman may have been—though I doubt even that—but the new woman is not at all. Just make a note of it. The old order changeth.

It was a hot, muggy morning when we left New York. The awful soft coal smoke made matters ten times worse, with its sulphurous, shoe suggestive fumes. To escape it mothers were taking their young ones by the half dozen to picnic in the suburban parks and villages. The cars were packed, and after we had journeyed fifteen miles in our sardine-like niches everybody felt down in her mind and uncomfortable, though everybody put up a brave bluff of being jolly.

Just when we felt the lowest two of the sardines climbed out at a stopping place and were replaced by a black woman, with the finest pickaninny baby you ever saw. It was not two months old, its mother said, yet it held its head up and laughed in everybody's face bold and bright as brass. It eyes stood out like beetles' eyes, so big and round they were; the whites of them were tinged with blue, and they shone like polished ebony stars. There is something irresistibly humorous about a little black baby. This one in particular was humorous. Somehow everybody who looked at it laughed, even a solemn looking man; we all laughed, the baby smiled more and more, did its little best, and its proud black mamma laughed too. So the pickaninny baby restored us and made us all feel happy and comfortable again.

No notes of a trolley journey from New York to Boston should fail to mention the steady kindness and politeness of the trolley car conductors after one leaves New York city. They are intelligent young men, mostly American born and bred. They give

you every sort of information, lift a lady's luggage and help her off the car when they have time. They tell you every point where one can get a transfer and save a nickel. Some of them know every transfer between Hartford and Boston and reel off the list like a child repeating "the house that Jack built." These men look you straight in the eye, manly, yet perfectly polite. They know they are as good as you are, and they know you know it, so they need make no effort to impress it upon you. No wonder the owners of fine orchards on the long distance trolley lines set out baskets of tempting fruit for these young men to help themselves from.

Oh, the joy of going a-trolleying! Oliver Wendell Holmes said it was like riding a witch's broomstick, and so it is. On and on we go, past noble trees, emerald fields, glorious autumn flowers, cabbage gardens fringed with goldenrod. I don't know anything prettier than a clean cabbage patch fringed with goldenrod. Here we go, there we go, forward, forward! No smoke, no dust, no regrets—wind in our faces, flying like the wind, radiant, triumphant, joyful!

Rural Connecticut is far more beautiful than rural England for this reason. Here are no dismal stone walls eight feet high to hide the landscape from you and make you think you are traversing a prison corridor. Connecticut is like a fertile garden, with scarcely a weed to be seen, with magnificent trees, velvety green lawns and flowers that make your heart ache with their very loveliness, because you cannot fitly express their beauty even to yourself.

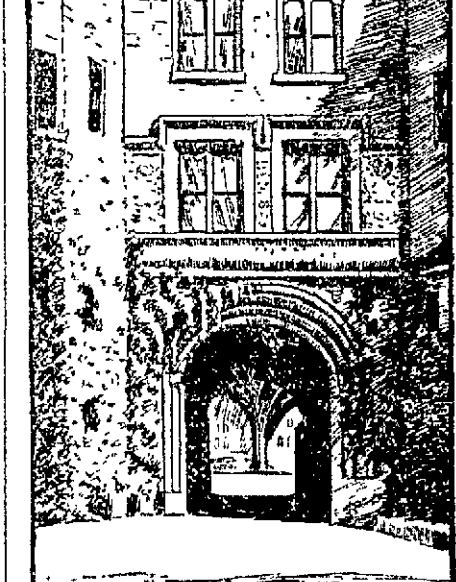
In this fair New England state all is open. The owner of the loveliness lets the passerby enjoy it too. In England it is all shut off from the sight of everybody but the owner and his family. The Connecticut way is far better. On every hand there is a look of trimness and comfort. We did not see a really poor looking person in the whole state. Signs greet you of remarkable agricultural prosperity. It is because farmers have given up grain raising and old fashioned methods and gone in for dairying, fruit culture, poultry and gardening. We were in one farmer's house that was heated by steam and had hot and cold water on tap all through it. Connecticut is so thickly settled that much of it seems like a continuous pretty village.

On we sped through the onion district. That odorous vegetable lay in heaped up pyramids like piles of potatoes, thickly dotted over fields. Thus left for some days the bulbs dry and bleached white, so they are more slightly for market. One young farmer wedded two years ago and took his bride to his home in the midst of the onion fields, and both went to work with a will. Last year they cleared \$1,000 from their sixty acres, nearly all from onions. It fills you with respect for the onion.

At New Haven the elm destroying beetle is ravaging the grand trees of the college green. There seems no remedy. Among the first objects of interest pointed out to the tourist in the historic town the native is sure to mention the Vanderbilt dormitory of Yale, perhaps because it cost so much money. It is a slightly building, with its ivy grown arch.

The first day of the journey darkness came upon us as we neared New Haven, and there we spent the night. The second night we stopped in Springfield, Mass., waiting over next forenoon to visit Holyoke village, seven miles out. You go to Holyoke because that is the place whence you start for Mount Tom, the steepest viewpoint in all this region. You are lifted up an inclined railway in a car which seems to be standing on its head to an observatory so lofty, so isolated, that one can easily imagine himself sitting solitary upon the moon looking down over all the earth.

From Springfield, past farms and villages, we went to Worcester. The na-



VANDERBILT ARCH, NEW HAVEN.

tives in rural Massachusetts are large featured, large boned and sinewy, not plump and rosy, like the rural Connecticut. I wonder why? The third night out we spent in Worcester with the nice, neat, comfortable ladies of the Young Women's Christian Association hotel. Next morning was Sunday, and we had for breakfast the regulation Yankee doughnuts, fish balls and baked beans—none better—then on again to Boston.

I would like to go trolleying across this continent.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

## A Quibbler.

"I can truthfully say," remarked the politician, "that I never went back on a friend."

"Yet some people claim that you did not keep your promises."

"Yes," was the bland reply, "but the people to whom I made those promises are not my friends. They are my enemies."—Washington Star.

## THE TROUBLESOME DOUKHOBORS

(Special Correspondence.)

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 25.—The news from Yorktown, Assiniboia, that the Doukhobors of that district have developed the religious mania that was the cause of their harsh persecution by the Russian authorities has been expected for some time by those best acquainted with the peculiar racial characteristics and customs of this odd people. At the same time it comes as a shock to the authorities of the country, who had been led to believe that the race to which they had given refuge was rapidly assimilating all that was best of Canadian life.

As a matter of fact, the Doukhobors have been living in Canada for fully three years without showing any signs of a recurrence of the fanaticism for which they were noted in Russia. Now that it has come back, however, it seems to have seized the people with a grip from which there is no escape. The most unpleasant feature of it is that it is causing them to neglect their crops owing to their belief that their beasts of burden are as much entitled to liberty as they themselves. The fields are filled with rich harvests rotting on the roots, while cows and horses roam at will. Moreover, the Doukhobors believe that it is sinful to eat meat, and as their supply of vegetables is scanty great suffering is certain to result this winter, and the ranks of the queer people will be sadly decimated before spring unless a cure for the evils of their creed is speedily found.

The problem thus presented to the administration at Ottawa is by no means easy of solution. The authorities are loath to use force against the simple immigrants, but it would seem as though force will finally be absolutely necessary. Word comes from Ottawa that in their extremity the immigration officials threw out a polite hint to Russia that they would not be at all sorry to deport the Doukhobors to the country whence they came, but the answer was a curt refusal by the government of the bear to have anything whatever to do with them. Canada was informed that the Doukhobors would certainly not be allowed



DOUKHOBOR FAMILY IN SUNDAY COSTUME.

to reoccupy the districts in which they formerly lived in Russia, and it was doubtful if the czar would even consent to allow them to migrate to Siberia.

There are fully 5,000 Doukhobors in the Northwest Territories, scattered throughout a vast extent of land. While the mania has not so far affected every settlement, it is spreading so rapidly that it must finally disturb the whole race unless it is checked by some radical measures. The stricken people not only take no heed to the needs of the future, but seem oblivious to the wants of the present. Though winter is rapidly coming on and the weather is already extremely cold in the district where they are living, they are clad in the lightest of cotton garments only. In some houses a single bag of flour is all that is to be seen in the way of food. In answer to the protests of their Canadian neighbors they assert that God will take care of them if they do what is right, and it is this belief that is impelling them to their present strange actions.

It has long been the ambition of the Laurier administration to see the whole of the great northwest settled before the members lose their tenure of office, and for this reason they have been encouraging the immigration of almost any sort of people. Protesters have not been wanting from many expert sociologists, who see in this indiscriminate filling up of the country a menace to its prosperity in the future. It is altogether likely that with the example of the Doukhobors before their eyes the authorities will in the future, exercise a more strict supervision of the immigration question.

In striking contrast to the development of the Doukhobors in their Canadian homes is the progress made by another class of settlers who were condemned upon their arrival as heathen as the Doukhobors were praised by the Canadian press. The Galleians of the Edmonton district have given a striking instance of what can be accomplished with people who on their arrival were pronounced little better than barbarians. A prominent business man of this city who spent some time visiting that section of the northwest in which the Galleians are located says of them:

"The Galleians I found to be a most desirable class of settlers, being hard-working, frugal people and in their financial dealings honest to a degree. After careful personal observation I am glad to be able to say that the abuse that has been poured upon these people is altogether undeserved."

H. A. BRUCE.

## MARTIN HARVEY IS A GOOD ACTOR.

His Performance of "The Only Way," J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish in "An American Invasion."

"A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens, as dramatized by Freeman Wells under the name of "The Only Way," is not new to New York. In it our own excellent actor Henry Miller delighted large audiences two seasons ago at the Herald Square theater. Now it holds the boards of the same house, but the star is Martin Harvey, an English actor. Much has been heard of this gentleman and much was expected of him as a star. He has lived up to his reputation, and those who are not delighted with his work must be hypercritical. As Sidney Carton in "The Only Way" Martin Harvey has proved himself a very fine actor.

The story of the play is too well known to need detail, but it is not



ANNIE IRISH IN "AN AMERICAN INVASION."

amiss to call attention to the varied acting required for a faithful delineation of the principal character. A hopeless sot, lost to all sense of shame, lacking all desire to improve, steeped in moral desuetude, is at the same time the possessor of a great mind and a big heart. Caring for no one in the world and knowing that no one cares for him, he sinks lower and lower. A strange likeness to another man gives him the opportunity of saving the life of this man by personating him and saving himself by his wits. Gratitude from the sweetheart of the benefited man gives him entree to her home, and the sudden thought of what he might have become had he known her sooner brings with it a sort of silent worship, which in the end causes him to die in place of her fiancé, again using the fatal likeness as a blind.

The transitions of feeling, the lights and shades of the character as developed by Martin Harvey, evidence the fact that he is a great actor, and at no time through the play did I feel that he lacked the ability to depict every emotion of the unfortunate Sidney Carton. The voice of Mr. Harvey is musical in the extreme, and his intonation and enunciation are so remarkably clear as to add zest to a fine performance. Mr. Harvey is young, is very thin and delicate looking. He is far from handsome, but he is a good actor, and that is what the audience wants after all. His speech before the tribunal was most stirring moment, but while this is the strongest scene of the play I thought all his work equally good. He ran the gamut of the emotions and did not miss a note.

"An American Invasion," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, is the play selected for the stellar debut of J. E. Dodson and his wife, Annie Irish. These favorites of other seasons excited double interest on this occasion by appearing as co-stars, and the welcome they received was most gratifying, as it was purely for themselves.

"An American Invasion" is like most plays by Mrs. Ryley. It is not strong, not sufficiently interesting, too talky at times, and the curtains are weak. The curtain of the third and supposedly best act was the poorest of the play. The role of the Yankee man, John Brainerd, was of course played by J. E. Dodson. This excellent actor did all he could with the part, but it was out of his line and at no moment gave him opportunity for showing his worth. Dodson has genius and is able to stand in a conspicuous place in the galaxy of stars if only he is given the right part, but as John Brainerd he bides his light under several bushels. He is not the typical American.

Annie Irish is a sweet, attractive woman, if I may believe her friends, with a charming personality, but that is not enough to make a star. The lady has some mannerisms which it would be well for her to overcome. Two of these may be easily corrected. She shrugs her shoulders most unnecessarily all the time, and her fingers are widely separated in all the gestures with her arms. She is a large woman, of ample build, and it seems incongruous when we are asked to believe she is only twenty-six, even though she is really younger. She is made to flirt with boys and rush around in exuberance of feeling, and it looks unnatural. She is pleasing as an actress, but to my mind has never been so well cast as she was in "The Climbers." In "Lady Margaret" also she was suitably cast and very pleasing, but the role of the aunt with Amelia Bingham's company was her best.

MARY A. BARTOW.

New York.

## Some Strange Duels

The last duel fought on English soil between English subjects was in 1843, Southsea, between two officers, one the Eleventh Hussars, the other in the Royal Marines. But though dueling has disappeared from this country there is still plenty of it in other parts of the world. In Spain, for instance, duels with the national weapon, a form enormous clasp knife, happen every day, and the papers do not even mention them unless they have uncommon features.

One of the most absolutely unique and horrible duels of recent years occurred last summer at Malaga. Two others, fishermen, named Caparros, were disputing with another fisherman named Gaitan on the shore. Words led blows, and the two Caparros at-



A MASON PLUNGING HIS ADVERSARY FROM THE LOFTY SCAFFOLD.

ked Gaitan with their knives. But the latter, a very active and powerful man, defended himself and kept them off. Suddenly a third Caparros appeared on the scene. Gaitan broke away and ran for the sea, plunged in and swam out. All three Caparros pursued him. But Gaitan, by constantly turning, kept his enemies at bay for some minutes. At last they surrounded him, and a terrible struggle took place. Looked from the shore as if four sea monsters were rolling in blood stained foam.

A crowd collected on shore, and Gaitan's friends began stoning the Caparros, and at last drove them off. But it was too late. The victim of this strange sea duel was so terribly injured that he died when taken out of the water.

Even more strange than this duel on the waves was another fought a hundred years earlier at the bottom of the sea. When the wreck of the *Yal George* sunk off Spithead, was examined by divers, two of the men quarreled, and a bitter struggle took place. Eventually one of them took at the head of the other with a pick he was using and smashed the glass of his opponent's helmet. Fortunately those above suspected nothing wrong and hauled the unfortunate man up in a half drowned condition.

In 1835 took place another duel under water. This was in Chesapeake Bay between two divers who were working on a wreck there. They were both love with the same woman. Their spouses were the axes with which they were breaking up the wreck. Fortunately diving dresses are so thick as to make good armor, and neither of the men was seriously hurt.

Early in the nineteenth century blin was much amused by the rivalry between two experts in the art of dancing. One was a Frenchman named Perote and the other an Italian, nor Sarfucio. After trying for a time each to outvie the other they agreed to meet in a dance of friendship. They appeared before a packed audience in the full dress of the period, skirted coats, ruffles, wigs and reds, and began their evolutions on a rope some thirty feet from the end. The Italian was a little clumsy and Perote could not refrain from making sarcastic remarks. Sarfucio retorted sharply, and in an instant Perote's rapier was out. Sarfucio also was, and before the audience realized a quarrel had begun a fierce duel was in progress. It was a most extraordinary sight. The two men, balanced on the swaying rope, thrust and ried with extraordinary dexterity. Perote was the better swordsman, a minute later Sarfucio, attempting a furious lunge, received a back blow that threw him from the rope. He, falling at the same instant, gripped the rope with his hands; but, the amazement of the spectators, Italian lunged by his heels. It was that straps were attached to his heels and passed over the rope. The other heels were brought, and both dropped safely, but naturally the triumph of the Frenchman was complete. The discomfited Sarfucio hurriedly left Dublin, and Perote was left master of the field.

Another death struggle in midair took place more recently at St. Quen,

France. A lofty building was being completed, and at the very summit of the scaffolding, under the eaves, a mason was working. He sent his hodman down for some mortar, but the latter for some reason refused to go. The mason swore at him, the helper retorted angrily, when suddenly the mason dropped his trowel and seized the other around the waist.

A fearful struggle ensued. It seemed as if the boards on the frail platform, eighty feet above the street, must break and let both the duelists fall. The mason proved the stronger. Mad with rage, he managed by a furious effort to loosen his grip of his adversary and raise him in his arms. Then he deliberately hurled the wretched man over the edge. He came down with a crash that broke every bone in his body.

A test more terrible could scarcely have been devised than the duel in 1897 at Louisville, Kan., between Charles Robertson and a German named Klemmer, who had tried to prevent Robertson from building a bridge across a stream between their farms. After a lengthy word quarrel Klemmer challenged the other. Robertson accepted and proposed that a barrel of powder should be placed on a plank across the stream, a lighted candle stuck in it and that the two should sit, one on each side, astride the plank while the candle burned down. Whoever stayed longest should be the winner.

A large crowd assembled, and all preparations were made. The candle was lit to burn for about fifteen minutes. Fourteen minutes passed. Klemmer got white, but he sat still. Robertson never moved a muscle. The flame was guttering on the very surface of the powder.

Twenty seconds passed, thirty, thirty-five. Then Klemmer's nerve failed. He sprang up hastily and rushed away. Robertson quietly rose too. With finger and thumb he snuffed out the flickering flame, pitched the candle end into the stream and, shouldering the powder, walked calmly away.

## Thrown Down a Mountain Canyon

Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Porter of Marietta, O., while returning from a visit to their son in Colorado recently had a wonderful escape from death in the Rockies near Leadville.

They had been spending a few days at Twin Lakes and before starting home decided to make a trip up the mountains. "It was a beautiful morning," said Mrs. Porter in describing her experience. "The great scraggy mountain sides to our left were covered with dwarf pines and vegetation of different kinds, while down the sides of the canyon were massive ledges of rock, huge boulders, as if thrown by giant hands. Rising from the depths of the canyon were fir and pines whose lean and lofty tops easily reached our level.

"We were admiring the rugged wilderness of everything when suddenly and without an instant's warning our horse shook violently from head to foot, staggered and fell dead over the edge of the cliff. Of course the doctor and I were thrown in the air. I closed my eyes and said to myself, 'This is death.' Well, it seems almost too wonderful to be true, but Dr. Porter and I caught on a ledge of rock thirty-five feet down, and there we hung, the doctor some five feet away from me. When I opened my eyes and found I was still alive, I looked over and saw the doctor lying still, with blood streaming from a wound in the forehead. 'Oh, he's dead or else terribly injured,' I thought in-



THE DOCTOR AND HIS WIFE WENT OVER THE CLIFF.

stantly, but he called to me that it was only a scratch and no bones were broken. Below us the dead horse and the buggy, upside down, had landed in the branches of an immense pine growing out of the side of the cliff.

"We lay there helpless until some time later, when a man came down the mountain. He heard our cries and went as quickly as he could to the nearest cabin for help. With assistance we were able to crawl up the side of the canyon and were taken to a miner's cabin, where the only thing we could get was whisky; there was no such thing as arnica or a lotion of any kind, and it was several days before we had proper care."

## Killed by Fierce Birds

How Albatrosses Caused Captain Beyer's Death

One of the strangest of fates was that of Captain Paul Beyer of the bark *Germania*, the result of an episode unique in the mishaps of the ocean. Here is the story as told by Paul M. debrand, the mate of the bark, which recently sailed into New York bay:



THE BIRDS ATTACKED CAPTAIN BEYER.

A horror of the deep seems to have frozen itself into my sense of sight. I open my eyes in the morning, and it is there; I close them, and it confronts me; I sleep, and in my dreams I am haunted by it. The horror is a man alone in a yeasty waste of waves, calm and collected as he treads the water, while around him hovers a hungry flock of albatrosses. They dash at the unprotected head of the swimmer, grab him viciously with their sharp beaks, mock his misery with discordant cries, swoop down in twos and threes, pecking as they pass until the face is reddened with blood.

He raises his hand to beat at the big birds, but they fly fiercely at the fingers and bite them to ribbons. I see one strong beaked creature dash directly at the eyes of the man who is fighting for life against such tremendous odds. When the bird rises, the face is too fearful a sight for words. I turn away sick and half fainting, and when I look again the man has disappeared, but the white winged albatrosses remain to remind me that the sight was not a cruel trick of the imagination.

We might have saved our captain but for the birds. As it was, we could only look at him helpless at the mercy of both the waves and the ravenous demons of the air, unable to go to his assistance.

We had left Newcastle, Australia, in the early summer with a cargo of coal. We had our full crew of thirteen men, and everything pointed to a prosperous voyage. Our captain, Paul Beyer, was a clever seaman and a good master, and a sailor can ask for nothing better.

We had been out of sight of land for some time when a heavy wind set in, raising a head sea which broke over our bows and caused the bark to rock violently.

The day after this storm set in a violent rush of long swells tossed the *Germania* so fiercely that her cargo shifted. She listed to port and threatened with every lurch to keel over.

There was no time to be lost, and the captain, who stood at the wheel, shouted for a volunteer to go below and cut away a stanchion to allow a more even distribution of the cargo when the bark rolled toward the starboard side.

The men crowded on deck and were for making a dash for the four lifeboats, forgetting that not one of them could live in a sea like that.

Mate Hulke seized an ax and went below.

The men, with the terror of drowning facing them in any case, huddled together and waited the result. The blows of the ax came muffled from below, and finally when she rolled back part of the cargo was thrown to the half empty side and she righted.

The men cheered and, seeing the ship once more seudding along, hurried below to raise a partition and prevent another shifting of the coal.

Captain Beyer had never left the wheel, and only once his hand released the spokes. That was when the men started for the boats. With one hand he steadied the helm, the other he clapped to his pocket. The men knew there was more than one way of dying, so they recovered themselves.

After the cargo was righted we sped along at eight knots an hour, and the sea appeared to be a trifle less rough.

Still it was a hard night, and I took the wheel while the captain lay down after his long siege.

The next day dawned clear. Early in the afternoon Captain Beyer came on deck. The *Germania* seemed to have steadied down and was behaving splendidly.

"That was a close call," said the captain, "and the towards would have left the old bark to go to the bottom."

I nodded. "If they were all like Hulke," said he, "there'd be fewer wrecks lost."

He was standing by the wheel at the time, and as he spoke one of the men started to tie a piece of rope to splice a knot, I believe, in the mainmast rigging.

The captain happened to glance up. He saw that the fellow was making a slovenly job of the knot and jumped forward.

"Jaws!" he cried, "and watch me." With that he climbed to the rigging, snatched the rope and, winding it about the gasket, lashed back, made the knot and started to pull it taut.

Evidently in his anger he forgot that he had no purchase, for as he leaned out, pulling on the rope, it broke suddenly, and before he could clutch anything over he went. A sailor who stood near him a life preserver after him, and this he put on.

The captain had been smoking a short German pipe when he went into the rigging, and even after he managed to slip on the preserver he had the pipe in his mouth.

Mate Hulke ordered the sails down and the ship hove to, but so fast were we going and such was the swell of the sea that there was from the first small hope of finding the captain.

We soon realized that it would be impossible to get him. A heavy black fog began to creep over the Pacific, and almost as soon as the captain hit the water the air seemed alive with albatrosses—not a dozen or fifty, but fully 200.

They made for the captain with vicious dives and swoops. We watched, shuddering, but could do nothing. The captain made no cry, but with the pipe still in his mouth, kept himself afloat, while above and on every side the white multitude of ravenous birds squealed and bit. One man who had a glass leveled at the awful scene told me afterward that he saw the captain deliberately throw off the life preserver and sink from sight, preferring death in the depths of the sea to the agony of being pecked to pieces by the albatrosses.

Then came the black fog like a curtain, shutting out sea, sky and the harpies.

It shut out, too, all hope of lowering a boat, for any boat would have been lost beneath its pall.

All this happened in a few minutes and was over before the men aloft had furled the sails. It was hopeless to go back.

Again the sails were set and the men called on deck.

"We've lost a good captain," said Mate Hulke, "and none of us ever saw a more terrible sight." His voice was unsteady. He couldn't say any more.

The fog kept up, and behind, their great wings shining through it, sailed the albatrosses, looking peaceful and harmless as they turned their heads this way and that, watching the surface of the sea.

Now it was a puzzle where so many of them came from, and if ever I, a sailor, had been told they would attack a man like that I would not have believed it. But here it was. We saw it, and it will be a sight to remember.

## Two Jaguars Kill A Full Grown Lion

A male lion, young, full grown and given to loud roaring and lording it over the other beasts in the *Postolco* Ferrari menagerie, reached through the bars of his cage at Dixon, Ill., a short time ago and stole a piece of meat from two jaguars feeding in the other end of the cage.

Only half inch bars separated the two compartments of the cage.

The big cats were desperate with rage. They screamed like their blood cousin, the panther.

Growling and gloating and not thinking they dared, the lion saw the jaguars spring back into the cage and then fly at the partition like mottled projectiles from a catapult. He heard the bars twist and pull out at the top and bottom. He saw the flashing eyes of his foes. Then he struck with all the might of his massive shoulders, and the fight for a crown was on.

The keeper ran up with his long prodding pole. He thrust it between the bars and plunged and swore. Other poles went in at the front and the other side, all punching at a mass of buff and black fur. Then the hose was turned on, but it had no effect.

The onlookers saw the fighting mass suddenly cease to whirl and assume three tangible shapes, a lion in the center and a jaguar upon each side. Like lightning the cats flashed upon the flanks of the king of beasts. He struck, but the cats were gone. Around and around the cage they fought, the jaguars flashing in and out and always avoiding those awful front paws. With each rush they were hurting the lion. But he struck and fought at only mottled will-o'-the-wisps who were here now tearing and hurting and now gone into thin air.

It was all over in an hour. The lion was dead.

The jaguars growled over their recovered meat. They were bleeding, and the side of the female was frightfully torn, but they had uncrowned the king of beasts.

## A Sailor Boy's Heroism

How John Boyle O'Reilly In Indian Ocean

There is now living in New Bedford an old whaler captain who saved the late John Boyle O'Reilly, Irish poet and patriot, from death in the Indian ocean.

Captain Henry Hathaway in 1869 was aboard a whaler in the Indian ocean. At that time he was third mate on the bark *Gazelle*. As the *Gazelle* neared the west coast of Africa the lookout sighted a rowboat flying a distress signal, and at once everything necessary was being done to reach the unfortunate craft, which was found to contain an escaped convict from one of the nearby Australian colonies.

When it came alongside the vessel, Mr. Hathaway reached out his hands and helped on board the fugitive, who proved to be John Boyle O'Reilly, who later became Boston's adopted son and one of her most beloved and respected citizens.

Six months after his rescue O'Reilly insisted on joining the sailors who had been ordered out in a small boat, com-



HATHAWAY SEIZED O'REILLY BY THE HAIR.

manded by Hathaway, to capture a whale and encountered what is termed a "bad" whale, the one he doubtless refers to in his poem, "The Amber Whale."

After being struck the whale turned on his pursuers and with a blow of his flukes shattered the boat into atoms with the exception of a small piece of the stern, and to this Hathaway clung and immediately looked for O'Reilly, whom he knew had been stunned. At first he was nowhere to be seen, but a moment later his white face appeared on the opposite side of the wreck to which Hathaway was clinging. Quickly seizing him by the hair, Hathaway pulled him on to the only support left for either of them and there held him for four hours.

When relief reached them, O'Reilly soon recovered consciousness, but Hathaway fell senseless and lay for many hours apparently dead.

Two months later the *Gazelle* put into the harbor of Rodrigues, a British island in the Indian ocean, to get a supply of fresh water. Telegrams announcing the escape and description of O'Reilly had preceded her, and just before sunset on the day of his arrival a boat came alongside with the governor of the island and a guard of police on board. Hathaway was on the ship's deck at the time, and beside him stood O'Reilly.

It was a moment in both their lives never to be forgotten, for between them had sprung up a friendship which in later years ripened into a love "passing the love of woman." Before O'Reilly loomed up the tortures which he so well knew awaited the deserter from an English prison, and to the sensitive, chivalrous nature of Hathaway his apparent helplessness to save the man for whom he had recently risked his life was well nigh unbearable, but hisadroitness and tact came to their assistance, and the officers departed without recognizing the object of their search.

Fearing for their return, Hathaway concealed O'Reilly in an unused locker which had for a cover one of the cabin stairs, and there he remained until the vessel was again out at sea.

By this time O'Reilly's identity had become known to the sailors on the *Gazelle*, and Captain Gifford, to whom O'Reilly dedicated his first book of poems, decided that the only safety remaining for his passenger was to transfer him to another vessel before the next port was reached. This he succeeded in doing, and in a few months O'Reilly landed safely in Philadelphia.

Captain Hathaway's next voyage after this eventful one was to Greenland, and in November, 1870, the vessel on which he sailed was lost in the ice in Cumberland inlet, and the crew were obliged to remain with the natives until the following September, when they were rescued by Captain Spicer of the steamer *Tigress*, from New London, Conn.

This last experience discouraged him from again going to sea until 1879, when he accepted the command of the *Veronica*, a sailing vessel plying between New Bedford and the Azores, Madeira and Canary islands, and con-

tinued in this commission for four years.

After his return from Greenland Captain Hathaway was appointed chief of the police of New Bedford and while serving his native city in this capacity was again afforded an opportunity of being of service to O'Reilly.

At this time the *Clan-na-Gael* were planning for the release of the Irish political prisoners who had been O'Reilly's companions in the prison from which he escaped. Although O'Reilly was not a member of the clan, he was trusted with their secret and not only entered heartily into their scheme himself, but solicited the counsel and aid of Captain Hathaway, and James Jeffrey Roche says in his account of their gigantic undertaking that "he found that his loyalty and courage had not changed with years, for he entered into the plans with great zeal, bringing to the council the best attributes of an American sailor—a warm heart and a cool head."

Acting under his advice a vessel was bought and sent out, ostensibly on a whaling cruise, thus averting the suspicion which would be sure to attach to a ship of any other description cruising in Western Australian waters. The expedition was a remarkable success, and when the men who had endured years of prison life stepped upon the wharf in New Bedford they found instead of arrest, which the papers from English officials requested, as hearty and sincere a welcome as any extended by their own countrymen.

The old sea flavored, weather beaten manuscript book containing the private "log" which Captain Hathaway kept during the year which followed his experiences in the Indian ocean was the most fondly cherished by John Boyle O'Reilly of all the volumes which his well stocked library contained and is now regarded as a treasure by the family of the dead poet.

## Narrow Escape From Fer-de-lance's Fangs

Among the collection of snakes in the cages of the reptile house of the New York Zoological park are some of the most deadly species known. Recently Curator Ditmars had an experience that tried his nerve with two cobras, and Keeper Snyder had a narrow escape from death at the fangs of a fer-de-lance.

Mr. Ditmars went to the cobra cage and opened the door, when two of the snakes dashed for it. Before he could shut the door they were out on the floor in the narrow corridor and peened him in. He called for help, and Keeper Snyder came to his assistance.

Standing half way down the corridor, white as a sheet, but cool as a cucumber, was Mr. Ditmars. On either side of him, successfully barring the ways of escape, stood one of the new hooded cobras from India, their heads a yard above the floor, swaying angrily back and forth, watching Mr. Ditmars as a cat watches a mouse.

Snyder approached carefully and deliberately. With a pole he gently pulled the nearest snake down upon the floor and pushed him away. Ditmars quietly and deliberately walked away. The snakes were then caught by throwing bags over them.

The greatest snake attraction at the zoo has been the deadly fer-de-lance, recently received from Martinique. Its bite is certain death. He is seven feet long and strikes almost the full length of his body. When the attendants had all left the reptile house the afternoon after its arrival, Keeper Snyder remembered that the fer-de-lance had not been fed. Mr. Snyder got a dead sparrow from the commissary department and, putting it on a pair of tongs, opened the door of the cage very carefully. The snake was coiled in a corner, but lifted his head slowly and angrily as the keeper pushed the tongs ahead of him into the cage, when without warning of any kind the reptile struck at Mr. Snyder's arm. The cage was a little dark, and he began to draw back when the snake struck. This saved him, for instead of fixing his sharp teeth in the forearm of the man, as the reptile had intended, his jaw overshot the arm. Mr. Snyder felt the underside of the jaw graze the bare flesh of his arm, and he drew back and slammed the door. The fer-de-lance did not get his supper that night.

A Mystery Never Solved.

Everhard Felth was an eminent scholar of Flanders. Greek students know him as the author of "Antiquitates Homerice." When his country was disturbed by the ravages of civil war, he repaired to France, where he soon attained eminence as a professor of Greek. One day while he was walking in the streets of the town in which he resided, in a street full of people, he was beckoned by a gentleman standing in the door of a house opposite. Many saw him enter the house, but no one saw him come out. Nor was he ever seen alive, nor was his corpse found ever afterward. His friends, the college and the magistrates took the matter up, but it was useless. They never got any further than the front door.

## PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

SEA CASTLE, NO. 4, U. S. N.

Meets at Hall, Police Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

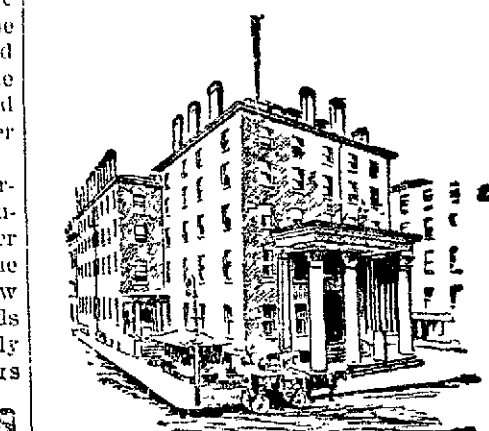
Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief; Charles C. Charleson, Noble Chief; Fred Heiser, Vice Chief; William Hampshire, High Priest; Frank H. Meloon, Venerable Hermit; George P. Knight, Sir Hermit; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred Gardner, K. of R.; C. W. Hanscom, C. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Councilor; John Hooper, Vice Councilor; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester B. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Harsum, Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

## THE REVERE HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,

HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVATED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co.

ALSO PROPRIETORS

## BOSTON TAVERN

FIREPROOF.

Rooms from \$1.00 Up

## Old India Pale Ale

## Homstead Ale

## Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

## THE FRANK JONES Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask your Dealer or them. BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

# THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,  
OCTOBER 31.

NEW MOON, Oct. 28, 11:40 a.m., morning, E.  
First Quarter, Nov. 1, 10:30 a.m., morning, E.  
Full Moon, Nov. 5, 10:30 p.m., evening, E.  
Last Quarter, Nov. 9, 10:30 p.m., evening, E.

## WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Forecast for New England: Rain Friday, Saturday fair, warmer on the coast Friday; fresh to brisk southwest winds, becoming west.

## MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling telephone No. 37-2.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1902.



## CITY BRIEFS.

New moon tonight.  
Almost vofin time.  
The last day of October.  
Election day draws nigh.  
Sky Farm comes next week.  
Cold nights are now the rule.  
Is your name on the check list?  
Only two more months of 1902.  
Short overcoats are not popular this year.

Diphtheria is prevalent in the other cities of the state.

The oaks are the only trees that cling to their foliage.

Manchester is to have professional basketball ball this winter.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 24 Congress street.

Portsmouth will see some good football during November.

The western sky was wintry in its aspect Thursday afternoon.

Ice drinks are now called for very infrequently at the soda fountain.

There is to be a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. building committee this evening.

The Dover football team suffered two crushing defeats and then disbanded.

The dance of Sagamore Engine company in Peirce hall tonight will draw a crowd.

Don't forget the dance of the sea son, Sagamore Engine company, Oct. 31, at Peirce hall.

October has treated us very well on the whole and we witness its departure with regret.

The members of the police force have been enjoying another period of rest for the past week.

Chain down your gates and keep your blinds securely fastened until the Halloween season is over.

Special matinee performance, Foggy Ferry, in Music hall, tomorrow afternoon. Prices, ten and twenty cents.

Owners of horses in town are making the most of the opportunities of raking up leaves to be utilized for bedding.

The pupils of the High school will hold a Halloween festival in the school building on Daniel street to night.

The favorite drama, The Pay Train, will be presented in Music hall this evening by the Bennett-Moulton company.

Papers are being prepared in the office of John C. Stewart of York for the incorporation of Putnam's Express company.

The more noted of the Mapewood farm stable will be either offered at a private sale or in New York next February.

Read the Herald—it is a chatty, lively, up-to-date paper every day—not two or three days in the week, but every day.

"A dose in time saves lives." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup; nature's remedy for coughs, colds, pulmonary diseases of every sort.

Halloween is probably one of the oldest myths of the Anglo Saxon race. Anyone can have his choice of the stories of its beginning.

Three hundred and forty excursion tickets to Boston were sold at the Portsmouth station on Thursday, the largest number in many years.

The ladies are cordially invited to attend the second annual dancing assembly of the Sagamore Engine company, to be held in Peirce hall this evening.

The Pay Train is one of the most popular melodramas ever staged. It will be given an elaborate production on Music hall stage this evening, by the Bennett-Moulton company.

## SALE OF TROTTING STOCK.

Nearly All the Horses Put Up at Mapewood Farm Secured By John E. Cassidy of Boston.

The sale of trotting stock at the Mapewood farm on Thursday was very largely attended, many of the horseowners of New England being present or represented. The constant and persistent bidding of John E. Cassidy of Boston procured for him about all of the horses sold, for his stock farm at Watertown, and at very reasonable figures. There were many local bidders and they were also disappointed that they did not take a good horse home. The sale was under the personal direction of Supt. Daniel Mahaney, and the auctioneer was Lyman T. Maynard of Boston, and the clerk Howard Hanscom of the Frank Jones office. The following is a record of the sales:

Rena Simmons, bm, foaled in 1885, and now in foal to Colonel Carter; bought by John E. Cassidy, Boston, price, \$50.

Vanetta, foaled in 1891, in foal to Colonel Carter; John E. Cassidy, Boston, \$82.50.

Nava, bm, foaled in 1888, in foal to Idolita; John E. Cassidy, \$67.50.

Salley Wilkes, bm, foaled in 1879, in foal to Colonel Carter; John E. Cassidy, \$77.50.

Jolly Friar, bg, foaled in 1901, by Betonica; \$117.50.

Belle Curry, chm, foaled in 1896, record 2:18; John E. Cassidy, \$350.

Floweretta, bm, foaled in 1895, in foal to Colonel Carter; John E. Cassidy, \$87.50.

Blonde Beauty, chm, foaled in 1889, in foal to Idolita; John E. Cassidy, \$67.50.

Moon Ray, bm, foaled in 1893, in foal to Colonel Carter; John E. Cassidy, \$257.50.

Betsy Grey, grm, foaled in 1896, in foal to Pay Bellis; John E. Cassidy.

Medula, bm, foaled in 1893, property of Daniel Mahaney, in foal to Idolita; John E. Cassidy, \$187.50.

Martha S., bf, John E. Cassidy, \$157.50.

Miss Darling, chm, foaled in 1895, in foal to Colonel Carter; John E. Cassidy, \$152.50.

Minetta, bf, sired by Mickey, foaled in 1899; John E. Cassidy, \$150.

Brown Etta, brf, foaled in 1900; John E. Cassidy, \$230.

Octoroon, bf, foaled in 1900; John E. Cassidy, \$357.50.

The Madam, grt, foaled in 1900; John E. Cassidy, \$150.

Maroon, bf, foaled in 1900; John E. Cassidy, \$225.

Hostess, bf, foaled in 1901; W. K. Pierce, Somersworth, \$100.

Roan gelding foaled in 1901, John E. Cassidy, \$95.

John H. Goodwin of Biddeford, \$127.50 for a bay gelding. John E. Cassidy, \$52.50 for a brown filly. Mr. Cassidy also bought a chestnut filly or \$82.50, a brown filly for \$165, a bay filly for \$137.50.

A chestnut filly for \$142.50 went to J. K. P. Rogers, Portland. A pair for road team went to Burpee Woods, Portsmouth, for \$360.

Jennie Rolf to Frank Ellis of York for \$150.

Pony to William J. Cater for \$50.

A chestnut pair to William Meloon for \$195.

Roan colt, John Fennell, Boston, \$135.

A large number of harnesses, lap robes, boots, etc., sukkies and breaking arts were sold for good figures.

## THERE WAS NO MEETING.

Five Aldermen Were Present, But The Mayor Was Not.

In accordance with a notice sent to the mayor, Aldermen Wood, Bailey, A. H. Adams, Locke and Clark, constituting a quorum of the upper board of the city government since the resignation of Alderman Smith, assembled at the city building on Thursday evening for the purpose of holding a regular meeting of the board.

The mayor and the other three aldermen, however, failed to appear, the aldermanic chamber was in darkness and the door was securely locked.

The five members present waited until eight o'clock, the proscribed hour for the beginning of all regular municipal meetings, and then dispersed.

The mayor issued a call for a special meeting on Tuesday morning last, but as a quorum of the board did not appear, the meeting was forced to adjourn. The mayor was notified that he would find a quorum at the city building on Thursday evening, according to statute the regular night of meeting, but on this occasion the mayor himself was absent.

## DISLOCATION OF SHOULDER.

Charles Charleson Meets With Bad Accident at the Navy Yard.

Charles Charleson, a machinist employed in the steam engineering department at the navy yard, met with a painful accident this morning, which will necessitate his losing several weeks' work.

Mr. Charleson stepped from the

navy yard passenger train at the yard before the train came to a stop and was hurled violently to the ground, striking heavily on the left shoulder. He immediately came to this city, where it was found that the shoulder was out of place. The services of three physicians were required to put it back into the socket.

## Y. M. C. A. PROGRAM.

Exercises in Connection With Breaking of Ground For New Building.

For the breaking ground exercises of the Y. M. C. A. building next Tuesday afternoon, the services of the Naval band have been offered by Rear Admiral Read, commandant at this navy yard, and they will furnish music for the occasion.

There will be addresses by Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, U. S. N., and Mr. Wardwell, state secretary of New Hampshire. At half-past three, the ground will be broken by President E. P. Kimball, a representative of the association, one of the board of trustees, and a representative of the Woman's Auxiliary, Y. M. C. A. Following this ceremony, Capt. Hobson will address the children of the public schools at Goodwin park. In the evening, the exercises, which will be in Freeman's hall, will consist of short addresses by President E. P. Kimball, Capt. Hobson and Rev. Mr. Hughes, and music by the Naval orchestra.

## OBITUARY.

Emma A. March.

Mrs Emma A. March, one of Portsmouth's oldest and most beloved ladies, died this Friday morning at 5:30 o'clock at her residence on Court street, in her ninety-ninth year.

She was born on January 3, 1804, and was the widow of Oliver, who passed his early days in Portsmouth and was for a while in partnership with his brother under the firm name of Nathaniel March and Co., but went to Lowell, Mass., about 1838 and purchased the Franklin Book store, where he continued to do an extensive business until his death. He married first Harriet Newhall of this city. Mrs. Emma March was his second wife; her maiden name being Emma A. Clark, and her home was at the house on State street, now owned and occupied by Dr. John J. Berry. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. March removed to Portsmouth and had since and for almost a half century occupied the residence on Court street, where she lived beloved and admired by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Joseph Clark, of New York city.

Her ninety-ninth birthday was happily observed last January by the estimable lady, who entertained numerous callers through the day and evening.

Many floral and other tributes brightened the room, and among these were gifts from Mrs. George Dewey, wife of Admiral Dewey, and Miss Marguerite L. Glenworth, the talented authoress.

There was also a superb birthday cake inscribed "99" in white upon its top, this being the offering of her sister, and Mrs. March took peculiar pride in distributing slices of this among her callers.

She has for some months been confined to her home by the infirmities of age, but always maintained cheerfulness and interest, and seemed to forget self in her concern for the welfare of others.

Mrs. March will be greatly missed in the choice circle in which she ever abided.

## Harriet Elizabeth Green.

The death of Harriet Elizabeth Green, wife of George W. Green, occurred at her home on High street on Thursday evening, aged sixty-one years. She leaves, besides her husband, one son, two daughters and a large circle of friends.

## SITTING ON THE CURBSTONE.

Officer Kelly, while returning from the depot on Thursday afternoon, discovered a strange female sitting on the curbstone on Vaughan street. The officer accosted the woman and, finding that she was intoxicated, called a carriage and drove with his prisoner to police headquarters.

## ELKS WILL ATTEND.

Between forty and fifty members of Portsmouth lodge of Elks will attend the production of The Pay Train by the Bennett-Moulton company in Music hall this evening, as a compliment to the members of the order in the company.

## FIRST OF THE SEASON.

The Ladies' Domestic Missionary society of the Unitarian church will hold its first meeting of the season next Monday afternoon at the chapel on Court street.

Consumption can certainly be cured. Not all cases, but very many. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the medicine.

## PROBATE COURT.

As the next regular term of probate court will fall upon Nov. 4, which is the day of the general election, and therefore a legal holiday, the court will be held in this city on Wednesday, Nov. 5, at the usual time and place, as by law provided. The following business was transacted at the last session of court:

Administration granted in the estate of Rebecca Stevens, Chester, Fannie R. Stevens, administratrix; Mary W. Hackett, Portsmouth, Wallace Hackett, administrator; William E. Fernald, Portsmouth, Annie E. Fernald, administratrix; Jennie W. Ladd, Epping, Daniel W. Ladd, administrator; Sarah Currier, Newton, Hannah W. Brown, administratrix; Angeline S. Bunker, Newfields, Albert W. Varney, administrator; William P. Tilton, Exeter, William P. Tilton, administrator; Andrew J. Davis, Exeter, George A. Davis, administrator; Laura P. Sanborn, Chester, Arthur H. Whitcomb, administrator; Alfred M. Greenleaf, Northwood, William D. Watson, administrator.

Wills proved—Sarah A. Loughton, Portsmouth, John E. Tucker, executor; Zemia Q. French, North Hampton, Ellen F. Healey, executrix; Emmons B. Philbrick, Rye, Shirley S. Philbrick, executor; Henrietta J. Littlefield, Portsmouth, William A. Pierce, executor; Elizabeth A. T. Odell, Greenland, William A. Odell, executor; Simon Gordon, Brentwood, Nellie G. Lake, executrix; Lucy A. M. Bagley, Derry, Henry W. Bagley, executor; Sarah J. Shaw, Hampton, Clifford A. Drake, administrator with will annexed.

Inventory returned in estate of Annie E. Goodwin, Newfields; Lucy A. Shaw, Kensington; Thomas C. Shaw, Kensington; Andrew McMillan, Atkinson; Edward Burnap, Brentwood; Susan H. Bickford, Exeter; Annie H. Hutchinson, Derry; Lydia Pickering, Portsmouth; Albert H. Clarke, Northwood; William A. Simpson, Salem; Walter T. Brooks, Portsmouth; Joanna B. Sanborn, Danville.

Accounts rendered in estate of William T. Doloff, Stratham; Albert A. Morrison, Windham, Lydia A. Breed, North Hampton; Mary A. Tilton, Exeter.

Wills filed—Abigail Chase, Mary A. Harvey, Charlotte Langley, formerly of Durham; Susan D. Mathes, Newmarket, Sarah Whittier, Deerfield.

Receipts filed in the estates of Louis F. Lamprey, Exeter, John T. Perry, Exeter; Huldah H. Pickering, Portsmouth; Nancy C. Cottle, Windham; Daniel Tilton, Newmarket; Elizabeth H. Lerner, Brentwood; Laura J. Lee-nan, Exeter.

Appointment of agent in estate of Sarah A. Loughton, Portsmouth, William E. Marvin, Portsmouth, agent, Frank Jones, Portsmouth, Calvin Page, Portsmouth, agent; Emmons B. Philbrick, Rye, Mary C. Philbrick, Rye beach, agent.

Guardian appointed over Jesse M. Dow, Seabrook, Herbert L. Dow, guardian; Bertha G. Ruth W., Mabel F., Rachel F. Kelly, all of Salem, Jacob W. Kelly, guardian, Clara E. Batchelder, Exeter, Ella L. Follansby, guardian; Josie G. Jenness, Rye, Clifford S. Drake, guardian; John E. Thompson, Hampton, B. Edwin Thompson, guardian; Catherine Quinlan, Portsmouth, Insane, Annie M. Quinlan, guardian.

License to sell real estate in estate of Abbie A. Hodgdon, Exeter; Abigail H. Vincent, Danville.

Change of name—Ida A. Baldwin, Brentwood, to Ida B. Prescott; Minot C. Spaulding, Brentwood, to Minot C. Gordon.

Appeals filed in the estate of Julia P. Constantine, Exeter; Charles A. Batchelder, Raymond.

Bonds filed in the estate of Nancy L. Rice, Portsmouth; Benjamin J. Lake, Portsmouth.

Petition of trustee granted in estate of Sarah W. Carter, Newton, John H. Bartlett, John H. Axtell, Walter P. Carter, trustees; Sarah J. Shaw, Hampton, Thomas B. Shaw, trustee, Almira Moore, North Hampton, Clifford S. Drake, trustee.

Petition for insolvency granted in estate of John M. Smith, Portsmouth, Edward P. Stoddard, commissioner.

Commissioner's report accepted in estate of Albert A. Morrison, Windham; Tabitha B. Tilton, Exeter, Isaac H. Morrison, Deerfield.

Accounts filed in estate of Huldah H. Pickering, Portsmouth.

Appraisers appointed in estate of Elizabeth Presby, Salem.

## DIED.

March—At her residence on Court street, Emma Clark March, widow of Oliver March, aged ninety-eight years and ten months. Funeral at her late residence Monday at twelve o'clock. Lowell papers please copy.

## PERSONALS.

Mrs. Edgar D. Stoddard is ill in Manchester.

G. Fred Drew was a Manchester visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Henry C. Hewitt is passing a few days in Boston.

Elisba T. Cotton of the Kearsarge house was a Boston visitor on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Hanson and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Rowe have returned from a trip to Washington.

Mrs. Fannie Newell, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. H. Beacham, has gone to California to pass the winter.

Miss Josephine Gilson, teacher at the Cabot street school, left today for her home in Natick, Mass., to pass Sunday.

Allen D. Richmond of Dover, candidate for state senator in the twenty-third district, visited this city on Thursday.

John W. Sanborn of Sanbornville and Frank Barr of Nashua, two prominent officials of the Boston and Maine railroad, were in this city on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Odiorne who have been stopping through the summer with Mrs. Odiorne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Glenn, have returned to Portsmouth for the winter.—York Courant and Transcript.

A son was born to Dr. and Mrs. Albert C. Leach of Orange, Mass., on Sunday, Oct. 26th. Mr. Leach is a native of this city and a graduate of the High school. His many friends here extend their congratulations.

Ralph May of this city was one of the ushers at the marriage of his cousin, Miss Olive Williams Morison, daughter of Samuel Lord Morison of New York, and Joseph Morell of Boston, which took place last Wednesday evening, in the First church, Eliot square, Roxbury, by Rev. James De Normandie.

## CAKE WALK AND BALL.

The Up-to-Date Waiters held a ball and cake walk on Thursday evening and scored one of the greatest successes in the history of this well-known organization. The floor was crowded with dancers throughout the evening and the cake walk was witnessed by a large number of people. John H. Randall officiated as floor director, assisted by Peter William Neal.

The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize—Plate glass mirror, Miss Veden and partner.

Second prize—Parlor lamp, Miss Sophie Lane and partner.

Third prize—Parlor clock, Miss Phillips and partner.

## POLICE COURT.

John Flaherty, Ed Gilligan and Otis Haley, three boarders from Brentwood, appeared before Judge Adams in police court this morning and received sentences which will keep them at Brentwood for some time to come. The two former received three month sentences and the latter a draft for six months.

Joseph Welcome, drunk, was given a chance to do better in the future and let go with a suspended sentence.

Fanny Blake, who was arrested on Fleet street Thursday afternoon on the charge of drunkenness, was allowed to depart on promise to return to her home in Boston on the afternoon train.

## PRESENT TO BRIDE-TO-BE.

The officers and teachers of the Sunday school connected with the Middle street Baptist church have quietly presented a very elegant parlor lamp to Miss Mabel Gile, only daughter of the pastor, Rev. George W. Gile, whose marriage will take place on Wednesday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock in the church. The reception to follow in the annex is to be confined strictly to the deacons and wardens of the church and their wives, the bride's Sabbath school class and her guests from out of town.

## TAKEN TO CONCORD.

Possaney and Moulton, the two prisoners sentenced in superior court on Monday on the charge of larceny from the person, were taken to Concord on Thursday by Sheriff Collins. Moulton goes to State prison and Possaney to reform school.

## POLICE INVESTIGATING.

The local police are investigating a recent burglary in which the thieves carried away considerable valuable jewelry and \$35 in money.

## ANNUAL REPORT.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Railway Issues A Financial Statement.

The annual report of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway for the year ending June 30, 1902, has been received by the railroad commissioners.

An abstract of the report follows:

## GENERAL EXHIBIT.

Gross transportation earnings, \$79,210.02

Other earnings, 1,327.53

Total earnings, \$80,537.55

Operating expenses, 33,852.06

Net earnings, \$26,685.49

Interest and taxes, 14,599.26

Net income, \$12,116.23

Dividends declared, 5,531.25

Surplus year ending June 30, \$6,584.98

Surplus June 30, 1901, 7,865.59

Premiums on stock sold, 20.00

Total surplus June 30, 1902, \$14,470.67

## ASSETS.

Cost of road and equipment, \$188,074.51

Cash and current assets, 4,336.98

Materials and supplies, 7,116.42

Total assets, \$500,027.91

## LIABILITIES.

Capital stock, common, \$221,400.00

Funded debt, 200,000.00

Current liabilities, 59,305.95

Accrued liabilities, 4,316.29

Total liabilities, \$485,557.24

Surplus, carried to profit and loss balance, 14,470.67

Total, \$500,027.91

The addition to property accounts for the year amounted to \$28,860.67. The stockholders' number 115 of which twenty-five are residents of Maine owing \$71,200 of the capital stock of \$221,400.

The funded debt consists of \$200,000 in six per cent, twenty year gold bearing bonds, due in 1917. Interest is payable semi-annually at the Waterville Trust company, Waterville, Me., trustee.

The total number of passengers carried was 1,506,611; average number of persons employed, fifty-one. The length of main track is 15.5 miles and the total length is 15.69 miles.

## DEATH OF A SON OF YORK.

The death of George Nowell, a native of York, and one of Boston's best known and wealthiest business men, occurred in that city recently in his eighty-eighth year. He was famous as the builder of hundreds of houses in the newer sections of Boston. His was the master hand in the reclaiming and development of the Back Bay district.

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